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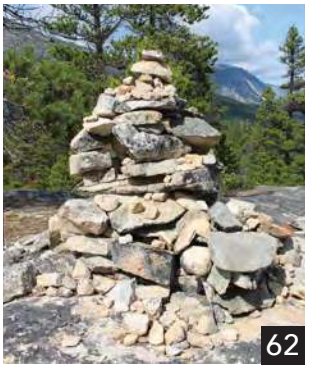

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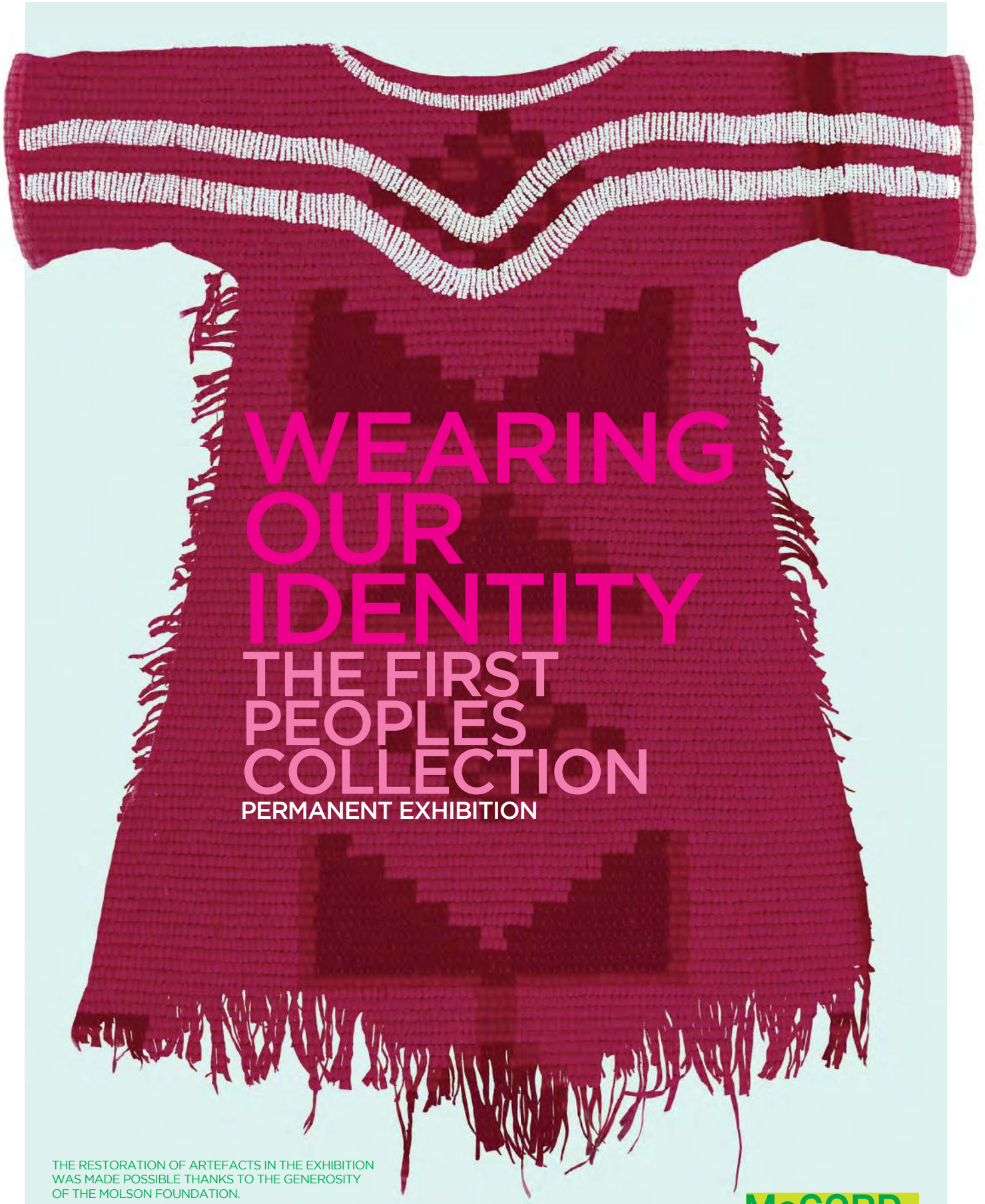

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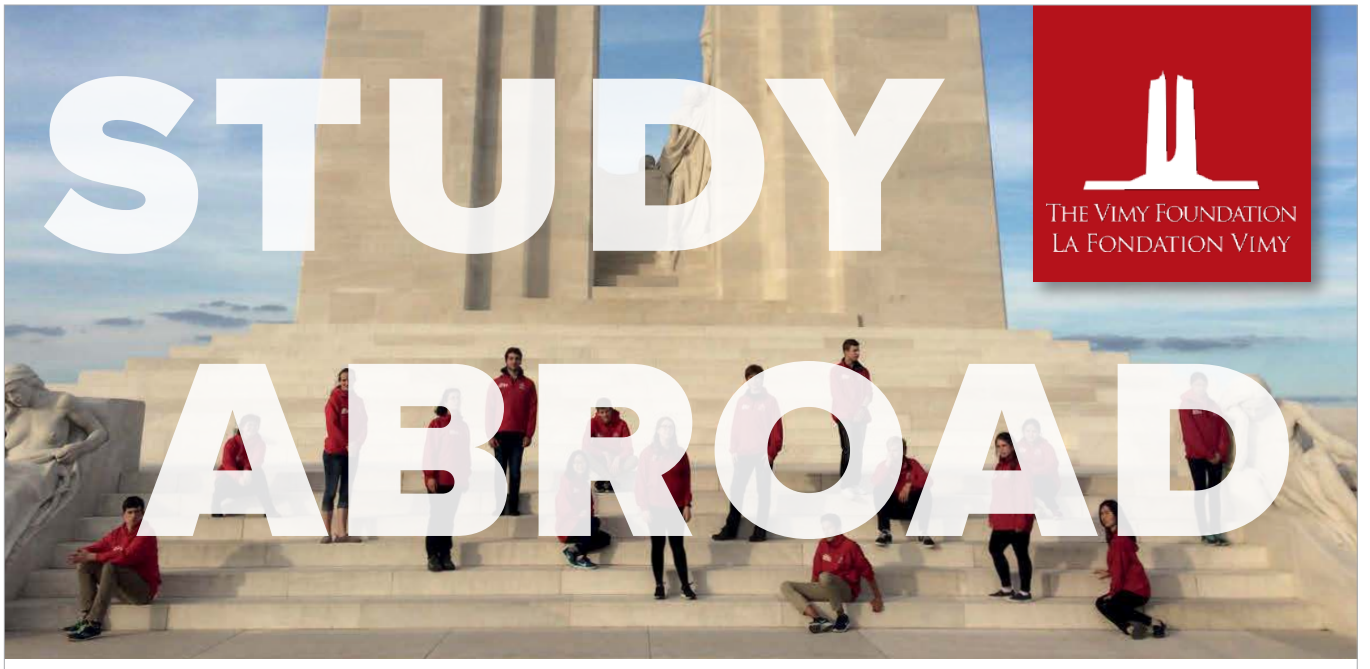

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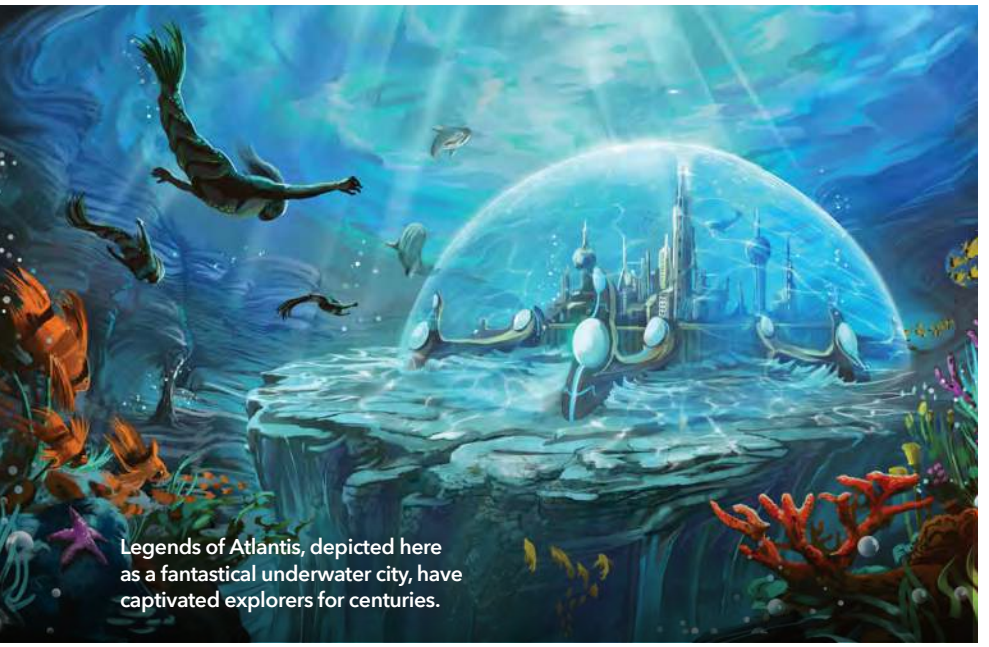
to enjoy the arrival of the Belugas and celebrate Manitoba's 150th
Sunday June 28 to Saturday July 4, 2020

Roundtrip from Winnipeg to celebrate Canada Day in Churchill during Manitoba's 150th anniversary. This 7 day/6 night tour features sleeping car accommodations on VIA Rail's Winnipeg to Churchill train (2 nights each way with a dome observation car!), 3 days and 2 nights hotel stay in Churchill, town and Hudson Bay shoreline tours, Beluga Whale watching; Parks Canada Interpretive Centre (located in Churchill's restored train station) presentation, the Itsanitaq Museum's renowned collection of Inuit art, Cape Merry Historic Site, Canada Day in Churchill during Manitoba's 150th and additional experiences. Package includes hotel stays in Churchill, rail trips, transfers, heritage attractions and presentations, most meals, Tour Director, detailed tour info kit and more.

CANADA DAY IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

to enjoy the Canadian and the Canadian Pacific Railway!
Sunday June 28 to Thursday July 2, 2020

Roundtrip from Toronto on this 5 day/4 night tour we will enjoy some great daylight train journeys, first on VIA Rail's dome car train The *Canadian* to Sudbury, Ontario and also roundtrip on the remote Sudbury to White River train that travels on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The package also includes a full day in Sudbury to visit Dynamic Earth, Northern Ontario Railway Museum and also the evening events of Canada Day here. Enjoy 2 full travel days on VIA Rail's Sudbury to White River remote rail service or Rail Diesel Car (like a large bus on the rails and the last of its kind in Ontario!) to see some pristine parts of the Canadian Shield, visit to the White River museum, and overnight here. The final day will be travelling from Sudbury back to Toronto by motor coach providing the opportunity to stop and tour the former CPR steamship the SS *Keewatin* in Port McNicoll. Package also includes most meals and additional heritage presentations, Tour Director, detailed tour info kit and more.



Legends of Atlantis, depicted here as a fantastical underwater city, have captivated explorers for centuries.

Myth-ing the mark

It supposedly lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules, a fantastical realm boasting advanced technologies and populated by a hubristic people who believed themselves equal to the gods.

The lost continent of Atlantis was first mentioned by the Greek philosopher Plato in 360 BC. He described it as "larger than Libya and Asia together," ruled by a "confederation of kings, of great and marvellous power." Others who followed were quick to build upon the myth, turning the parable of Atlantis into a warning against the vanity of elevating humankind to the divine.

For me, the word *Atlantis* calls to mind pop culture, from comic books like *Aquaman* and *Namor the Sub-Mariner* that I read as a child to the TV show *The Man from Atlantis*, which enthralled a younger me in the late 1970s. (A quick side note: The water-breathing star of the show was none other than Patrick Duffy, who later took a star turn playing Bobby in *Dallas*.)

So imagine my surprise when an author recently pitched me a story about the hunt for Atlantis in Canada's Far North. In this issue, historian Janice Cavell explores the early twentieth-century race to find a hidden continent in the northern polar region.

Several explorers, including the American adventurer Robert Peary, believed an Arctic Atlantis was awaiting discovery amid the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean. This delusional belief resulted in tragedy for at least some of the searchers.

Elsewhere in this issue, we explore the Indigenous history of Toronto and recall the story of a Canadian woman who, for a time in the early 1900s, became a world-famous fashionista. I also wrote a pair of articles for this issue: one on the northern paintings of artist Hilton Hassell and another on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the liberation of the Netherlands by Canadian forces in the Second World War.

Travelling through the Netherlands, witnessing the immense gratitude the Dutch hold for the Canadians who liberated their country, was a powerful experience for me and a poignant reminder of the lasting legacy of the sacrifices of our troops.

Mark Reid

CONTRIBUTORS

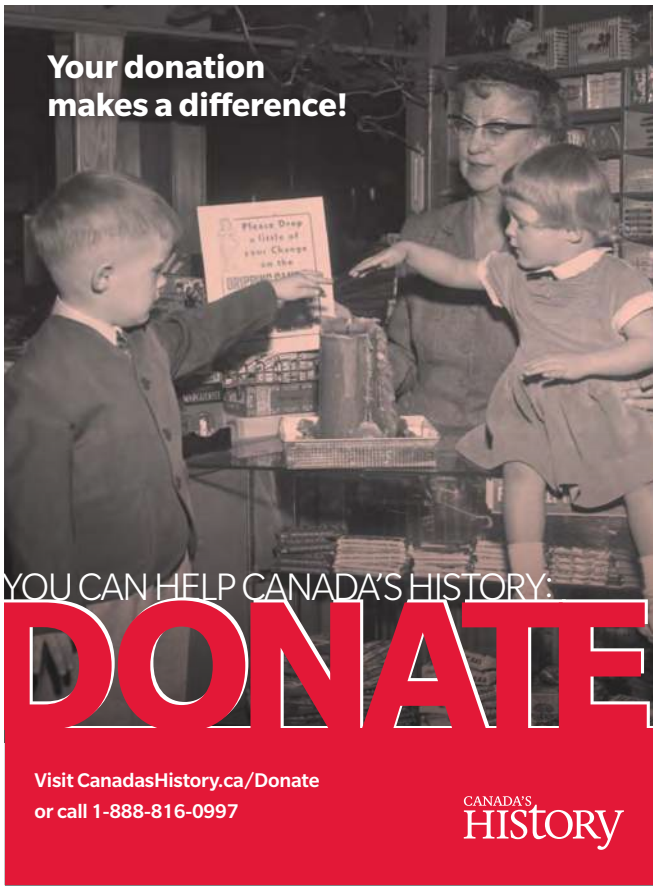
Hugh Brewster wrote "Fashion's Queen." He is the author of *RMS Titanic: Gilded Lives On a Fatal Voyage*, which features a profile of couturière Lucile, Lady Duff Gordon. In 2016 he guest curated an exhibition at the Guelph Civic Museum titled Lucile: Fashion. Titanic. Scandal. He has written thirteen other books, and his play *Last Day, Last Hour* was the centrepiece of a 2018 festival in Cobourg, Ontario, commemorating the centennial of the end of the First World War.

Janice Cavell, author of "Arctic Atlantis," was born and grew up in northern Ontario. She lives in Ottawa, where she works in the Historical Section, Global Affairs Canada. She is also an adjunct research professor of history and northern studies at Carleton University. Her work on Arctic history ranges from the nineteenth-century quest for the Northwest Passage to sovereignty issues in the twentieth century. Her current projects include an edition of William Laird McKinlay's diary of the tragic *Karluk* voyage, to be published by the Hakluyt Society.

Bill Moreau wrote "Before Toronto." He is the editor of the three-volume *Writings of David Thompson*. He and his family live near the Skandatut Site in Woodbridge, Ontario, and he teaches grades four and five at Dunlace Public School in North York, Ontario, not far from the Moatfield Ossuary site.

Check out more articles, videos, and podcasts online at CanadasHistory.ca

ATLANTIS ILLUSTRATION BY NOLAN NASSER



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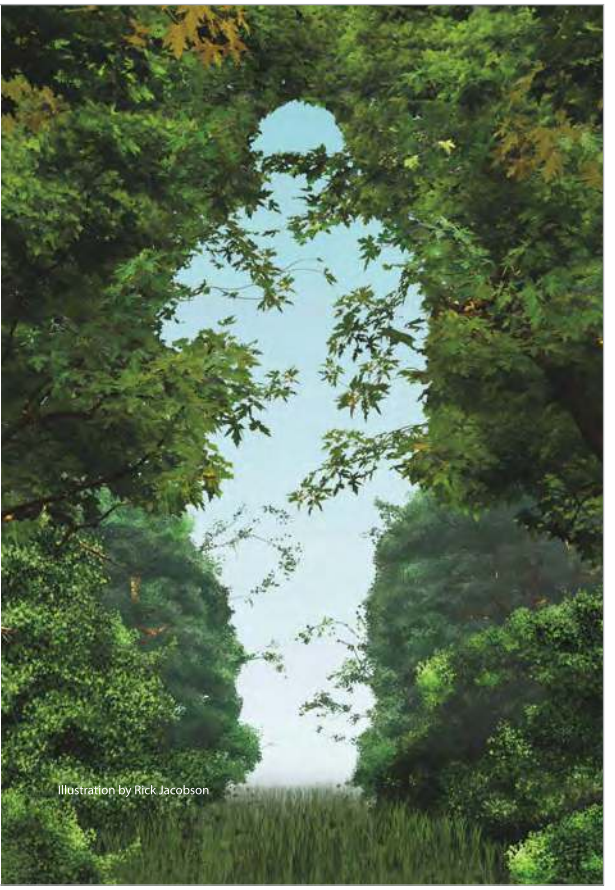

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Nancy's journey

I would like to express my thanks and appreciation for your magazine. I just received my first purchased copy, read it from cover to cover, and am wondering why I waited so long.

I especially enjoyed the article about the *Nancy* ("The Legendary Nancy," December 2019–January 2020). My interest in the ship was promoted when my father, Robert Sutherland, wrote a historical-fiction book about the *Nancy* entitled *The Schooner's Revenge*. Thank you again for the insightful and well-presented articles.

Angus Sutherland
Cambridge, Ontario

A path through history

Thank you for publishing Mark Collin Reid's article on the Duncan's Cove Hiking Trail of Nova Scotia. ("The Path Less Travelled," December 2019–January 2020). This was of particular interest to me, as I am writing the biography of my wife's uncle — George Campbell Tinning (1910–96), an official Canadian war artist with the army during the Second World War. Tinning painted in the area around Chebucto Head for three weeks in June 1943. This area is the promontory (headland) shown on the map labelled "Duncan's Cove."

During the Second World War, this headland was of strategic importance because it was the southern coastal limit to Halifax Harbour.

Robert Bowes
Burnaby, British Columbia

Radio memories

What a smile cracked my face when I saw a picture of the radio transceiver on page 20 of this month's issue ("Transceiver," December 2019–January 2020). I had not thought to see one of these ever again.

During my early years as a conservation officer in northern Manitoba in the mid-1970s, these radios were our most valued tool. I can still hear in my mind the hissing, popping, pinging, and garbled voices that were constantly emitted from these radios. A fond reminder of past technology.

Rob Dean
Winnipeg

I never worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, but the picture of the Spilsbury & Tindall transceiver brought back fond memories of my time in Newfoundland in the early 1970s working for the department of fisheries. Our field camps were far off the grid, and this radio was the only way to communicate with the office in St. John's. It also provided excellent training in radio procedure, which proved useful when I moved back to Ontario, and worked for the Ministry of Natural Resources.

Henk Rietveld
Huntsville, Ontario.

Errata: In Canada, legal appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council were ended in 1949. As well, the Canada Act originated in the United Kingdom. Incorrect information appeared in the article "Complicated Persons" (October–November 2019).

In 1968 the Museum of the Upper Lakes was created by the Ontario Ministry of Tourism and Information. Incorrect information appeared in the article "The Legendary Nancy" (December 2019–January 2020).

In the article "The Great Viking Hoax" (December 2019–January 2020), the names of the men in the photograph on p. 28 were inadvertently transposed. Eddy Dodd is the man shown on the left and Fletcher Gill is on the right.

Email comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada.

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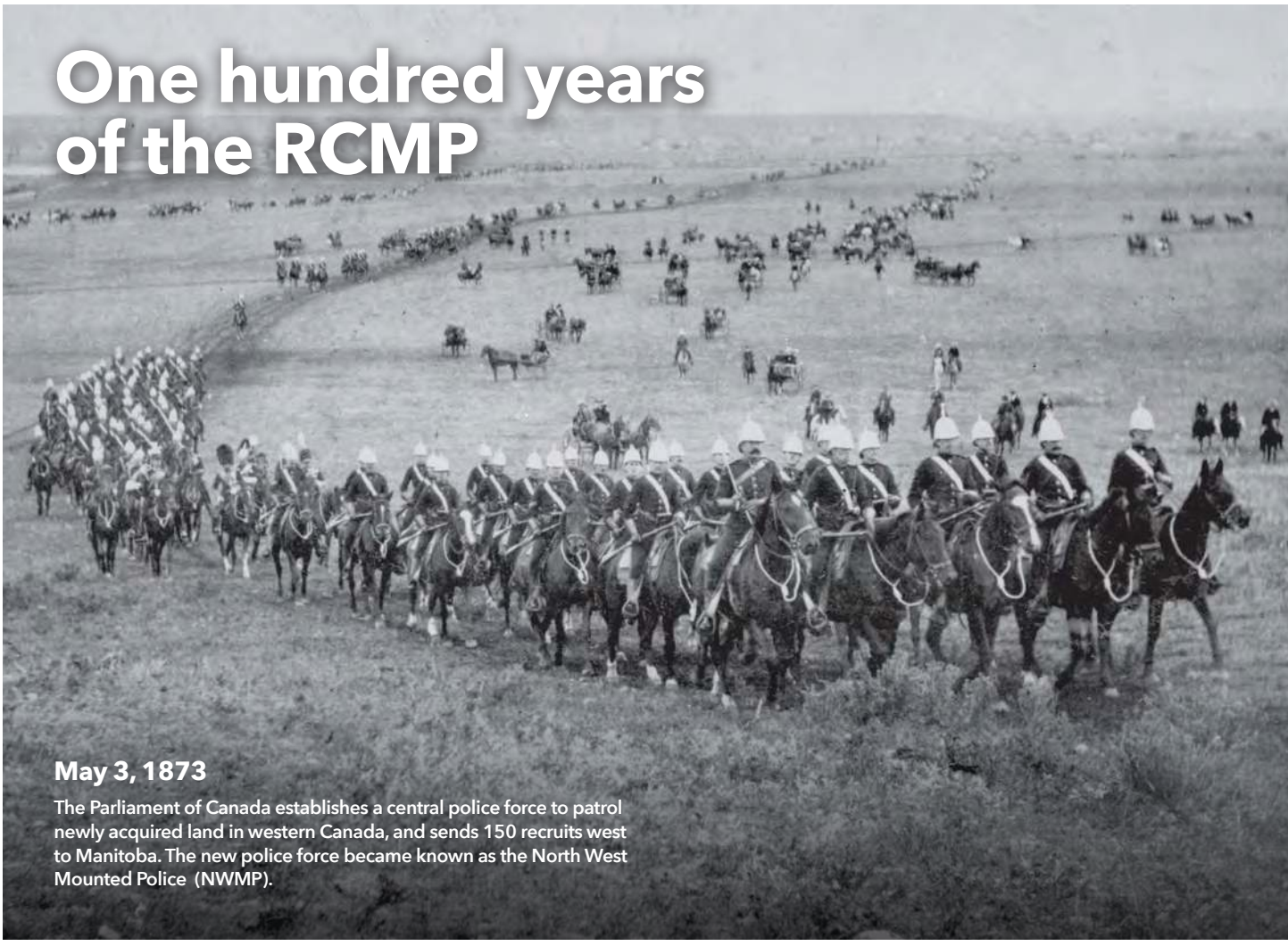
CANADA'S HISTORY

One hundred years of the RCMP



May 3, 1873

The Parliament of Canada establishes a central police force to patrol newly acquired land in western Canada, and sends 150 recruits west to Manitoba. The new police force became known as the North West Mounted Police (NWMP).

Hawker Hurricane touches down

A restored Second World War-era aircraft that once patrolled Canada's West Coast has now landed at a Calgary museum.

After more than 230,000 hours of restoration work, a Hawker Hurricane is now on display at Calgary's The Hangar Flight Museum.

The Hawker Hurricane was built in Canada in 1942 in Thunder Bay, Ontario. In July 1943 it was moved to Vancouver Island to fly surveillance missions off the coast of British Columbia. The restored aircraft was unveiled during a ceremony at the museum on November 6, 2019. Attending the ceremony was ninety-six-year-old Calgarian Gordon Hill, who flew *Hurricane 5389* with Squadron 133.

Hill's mission was to protect Canada from possible Japanese incursions in the wake of the Pearl Harbor attacks that took place on December 7, 1941.

— Dave Baxter

A Second World War-era Hawker Hurricane is currently on display at The Hangar Flight Museum in Calgary.

TOP: LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA. BOTTOM: THE HANGAR FLIGHT MUSEUM

A look back on a century of service

Today, items like the red serge jacket and Stetson hat, and events like the Musical Ride, have become some of the most recognized symbols of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP).

It was one hundred years ago in 1920 that what is now known as the RCMP came into being when two Canadian police forces merged.

Since then the Mounties have served across Canada. Today the force's scope of operation includes fighting organized crime, terrorism, and illicit drugs as well as patrolling the nation's borders.

As the RCMP marks its centennial anniversary, here are a few key dates in the history of Canada's most recognized police force. *— Dave Baxter*

February 1, 1920

Just months after Parliament voted to merge the NWMP and the eastern-Canada-based Dominion Police Force, the RCMP officially comes into being. The RCMP headquarters is moved from Regina to Ottawa.

December 10, 1939

The No.1 Provost Company, a contingent of RCMP members, sets sail for Europe to serve as military police during the Second World War. The Canadian Provost Corps was amalgamated into the Canadian Forces in 1968.

December 16, 2006

Beverley Busson is named the first female commissioner of the RCMP, a position she held until July 17, 2007. The RCMP only began to accept applications from women for regular police duties in 1974.

Prairie boys top the charts

It was a rising pop group from the Canadian prairies with dreams of rock stardom. Those dreams came true for Winnipeg band The Guess Who fifty years ago, when its iconic single "American Woman" shot to number one on the Billboard Hot 100.

In March 1970, the "American Woman" single put the Winnipeg boys on top of the music world.

While the band experienced success with several albums and singles after the release of "American Woman," the rise of the hit song proved to be the pinnacle of success for The Guess Who.

Riel's legacy minted

A commemorative coin released by the Royal Canadian Mint in the fall of 2019 honours the life and legacy of Manitoba founder Louis Riel while also achieving a new language milestone.

The Manitoba Metis Federation and the Mint unveiled a silver dollar on October 22, 2019, that features a portrait of Riel. The special-edition dollar was designed by Métis artist David Garneau and features an engraving that reads "Métis Nation Leader," written in English, French, and Michif. The release marks the first time Michif, the language of the Métis people, has been featured on a coin produced by the Mint.

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David Milgaard, 1993.

Miscarriage of justice

David Milgaard was wrongfully locked up fifty years ago. *by Dave Baxter*

For twenty-three long years David Milgaard languished behind bars for a brutal crime he did not commit. Now, fifty years after he was sent to prison, the Milgaard case remains one of this nation's most infamous cases of wrongful conviction and a powerful reminder of what can happen when the justice system gets it wrong.

On a frigid prairie morning on January 31, 1969, Saskatoon nurse Gail Miller began the short trek from her home to a bus stop as she headed to work.

Tragically, her lifeless body was discovered in a snowbank along a Saskatoon back lane later that day. She had been raped and had been stabbed more than twenty-five times.

A police investigation ultimately led to the arrest of sixteen-year-old David Milgaard. Milgaard was in Saskatoon that day on a road trip with friends and had been at a home on which investigators focused.

On January 31, 1970, one year after Miller's death, Milgaard was sentenced to life in prison.

In 1991, the Supreme Court of Canada reviewed the case after witnesses who had testified against Milgaard recanted their testimonies, and information came to light that convicted rapist Larry Fisher also lived in the same area of Saskatoon where Miller had been killed.

David Milgaard, 2019.

Milgaard was handed a stay of proceedings, and he was released from prison in April 1992.

"I'll never forget being a prisoner," Milgaard said in a 1995 interview with the *Journal of Prisoners on Prisons*.

"In my own way, I still consider myself a prisoner. My situation is such that I am never going to forget it. I remember what it was like sitting in a penitentiary. You die a little each day."

DNA evidence eventually led to Milgaard's exoneration and the awarding of a $10 million settlement. DNA was also key to the arrest and conviction of Fisher.

Winnipeg-based lawyer David Asper, who spent years representing Milgaard, spoke to *Canada's History* about the horrors he witnessed Milgaard endure while incarcerated. "To people who have never experienced prison, I will say that it is simply not imaginable," Asper said. "No matter how much you think you might be able to imagine it, you can't. It is horrific, and that's completely exacerbated when you are innocent. What society did to him was horrible."

TOP: TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY DIGITAL ARCHIVES/TORONTO STAR BOTTOM: CANADIAN PRESS

Stony Mountain Penitentiary, just north of Winnipeg, is where David Milgaard served time on a wrongful rape and murder conviction.

When DNA overturns a murder conviction

DNA evidence has led to the overturning of other convictions of Canadians who were sentenced to life in prison for murder.

Guy Paul Morin

In 1992, Guy Paul Morin was convicted of the 1984 rape and murder of his nine-year-old Queensville, Ontario, neighbour Christine Jessop and sentenced to life in prison. Morin was acquitted of the murder in his first trial in 1986; but a new trial was ordered, leading to his conviction. Improvements in DNA testing led to a new test of bodily fluids found on Jessop's clothing. In 1995 that test proved that the DNA in question could not belong to Morin, which led to his acquittal.

Kyle Unger

On February 28, 1992, Kyle Unger was convicted of the 1990 first-degree murder of sixteen-year-old Brigitte Grenier. Both Grenier and Unger had been at a rock festival in rural Manitoba on June 22, 1990. The next day, Grenier's body was found in a wooded area on the concert grounds. She had been beaten to death and sexually assaulted. Unger was charged with the murder, based on hair microscopy conducted on a single hair found on her body. In 2004, DNA testing proved the hair was not his, and he was acquitted.

Inuit artist and sculptor Kenojuak Ashevak displays two of her artworks in 1980.

The Enchanted Owl spreads its wings

It has been fifty years since an iconic work of Inuit art was selected to celebrate the centennial of Canada's Northwest Territories.

In 1970, Inuit artist Kenojuak Ashevak saw her piece *The Enchanted Owl* reproduced by Canada Post on a six-cent stamp commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the Northwest Territories. The release marked the first time a female Inuit artist's work had been displayed on a Canadian stamp.

Kenojuak Ashevak's *The Enchanted Owl* appears on a postage stamp released by Canada Post in 1970.

Ashevak, who was born in an igloo on the southern coast of Baffin Island in 1927, is considered one of Canada's most influential artists and a pioneer in modern Inuit art. *The Enchanted Owl,* a colour stonecut on laid paper, is one of her most recognized and celebrated works of art.

Ashevak became the first Inuit artist inducted into Canada's Walk of Fame in 2001. She died at the age of eighty-five in her home in Cape Dorset, Nunavut. — *Dave Baxter*

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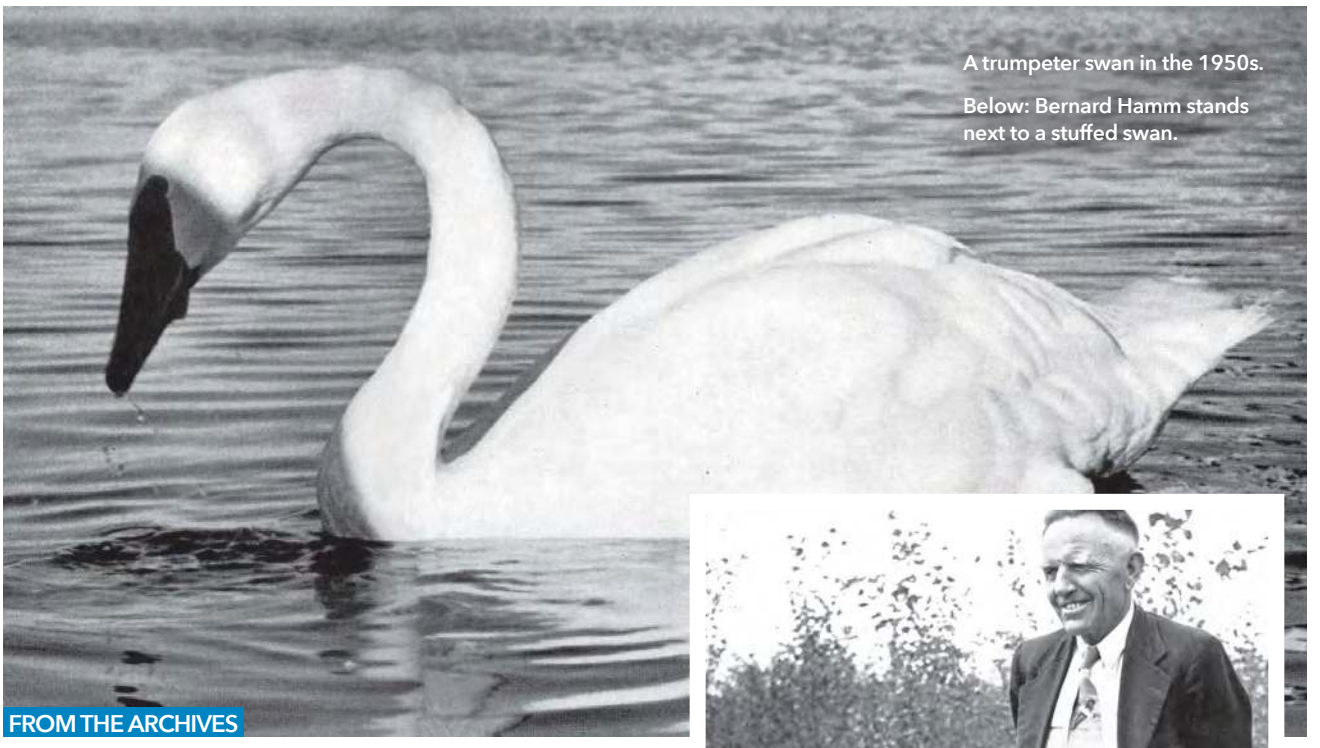

A trumpeter swan in the 1950s.

Below: Bernard Hamm stands next to a stuffed swan.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Saving the trumpeter swan

The trumpeter swan is celebrated for its majestic appearance, considerable size, and graceful motions, but it wasn't long ago that the species was close to singing its own swan song.

In the Winter 1955 edition of *The Beaver*, a feature article created by husband-and-wife team Richard and Lyn Harrington gave a first-hand look at the lengths to which some people in Canada and the United States were going to keep the trumpeter swan alive.

The article titled "Triumph of the Trumpeter" states that for much of the early twentieth century the trumpeter swan population in North America was dwindling, and extinction seemed a foregone conclusion. By the 1950s, however, the species was making a comeback, as conservation groups beefed up efforts to keep them alive.

In the mid-1950s, Bernard Hamm held the unique title of Swan Guardian of the Alberta Peace River and worked to save trumpeter swans that settled and bred in the Grande Prairie region of Alberta. The swan standing next to him in the photo on the right might seem calm, but in actuality the bird was dead and had been stuffed so that Hamm could use it as a visual aid while giving lectures about his work. Hamm would typically watch over trumpeter swans in the region from April until late fall and would do what he could to protect the birds and their eggs.

The job didn't come without risks, as one of Hamm's assigned tasks was to remove infant swans from drying sloughs and get them to areas with water. But as the article states, when it comes to protecting their offspring, adult swans are "fiercely protective, and a smart blow of their powerful wings can break a man's leg."

Today the trumpeter swan is thriving in North America, with a population of more than sixty-three thousand birds as of 2015, according to statistics released by the Trumpeter Swan Society. *— Dave Baxter*

The Canada's History Archive featuring *The Beaver*, *Canada's History*, and *Kayak* was made possible with the generous support of the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation. Please visit **CanadasHistory.ca/Archive** to read a century's worth of stories.

THE BEAVER WINTER 1955

ISTOCK

Final steps for family historians

A guide to filling in the blanks. *by Paul Jones*

In the first two parts of this series, we've seen how essential it is to extract as much lore as possible from family sources. It's now time to confirm what we think we know, fill in the blanks, and resolve the inevitable discrepancies.

In the case of our fictitious researcher Florentina A. Benedict (FAB) and her grandfather John "Eggs" Benedict, here are recommended next steps: Apply the same principles to your research.

• FAB's elderly Uncle Bob is still living, and she should go see him as soon as possible, taking notes or recording him if he's amenable. Is he willing to take a DNA test? Once he's gone, his DNA is too. Search "family history interview questions" online for suggestions to guide the conversation with your relative.

• FAB should confirm the basics of John's life, as you should with the grandparent you've chosen to research, by seeking his birth record to establish particulars of name, date, place, and parentage. Similarly, she should find the registrations of his marriage and death. With John, his death falls within the closure period mandated by privacy legislation, but no such regulations apply to memorials or published obituaries. Censuses, church records, probate documents, and land and military records are other excellent sources.

• FAB should start a research log for each separate line of inquiry, record her sources, and remember that a negative finding should still be noted. (When you start out keep detailed records, unless you are fond of replicating your research!)

• Okay, Okay, I hear you protesting. How do I find these records you're suggesting? There are many excellent books, courses, websites, webinars, and YouTube videos that deal with family history research — seek them out as time permits. In a pinch though, you can't beat Google. Just search for the location of an event in combination with a short phrase describing the information needed. Here are several examples that would be helpful to FAB: "England birth records," "Ontario marriage records," "Canada military records." Expect to find every permutation of online availability and accessibility. If the records are closed for a fixed period or indefinitely, search online to see what records family historians use instead.

• As you begin to confirm information from family sources, start organizing your raw findings systematically. For this, search online for "family group record template." You will find many excellent and free examples. Eventually you'll want to complete family group records for every couple (and their children) on your ancestry chart.

Don't be shy in seeking free advice from libraries with specialists in local and family history, from Family History Centres run by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS) — you won't be proselytized — and from the volunteers of the genealogical societies operating where your ancestors lived and where their records are stored.

Don't know how to find them? Try searching "[your community] library family history," "[your province] LDS family history centres," or "[your community] genealogical society."

Fairly soon you'll want to move from paper to digital record-keeping. It's a convenience to use genealogical software to store your records, sources, and images, as well as to generate ancestry charts, research logs, and family group records at your command. Perhaps embark on this as you expand your research to encompass all lines of your family, not just one grandparent.

At the outset, though, you don't need to complicate the ABCs of genealogical research with the added burden of a technological learning curve.

Happy hunting!

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogist. To view parts one, two and three of our series Roots: First Steps for Family Historians, visit CanadasHistory.ca/FamilyHistorians.

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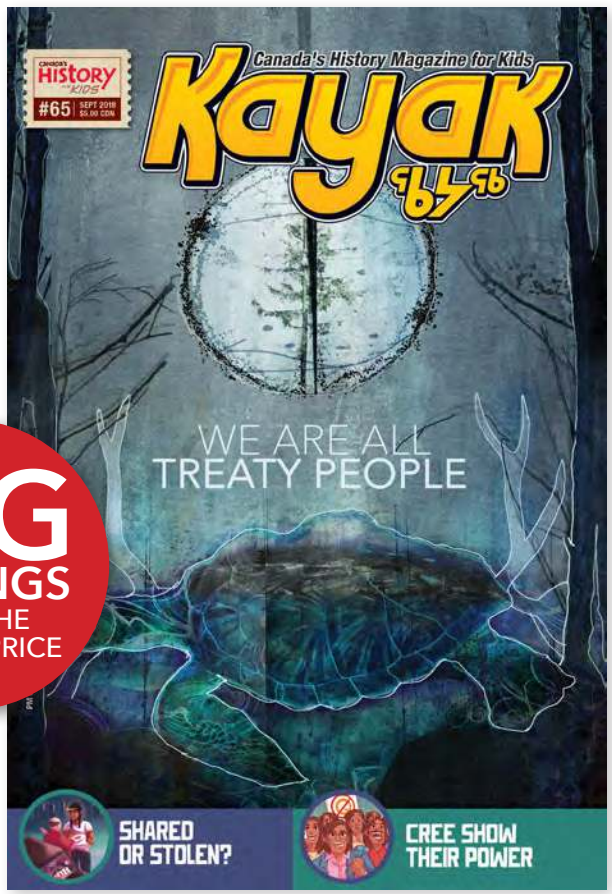

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THE BEAVER 1920 2020 100 YEARS

ARTIFACT FROM THE MANITOBA MUSEUM (HBC 018-26) / PHOTO BY ANDREW WORKMAN

Glass beads were traded between HBC employees and Indigenous people. Women embraced the abundance of colours to create beautiful designs, like this elaborate and symmetrical floral pattern.

Bible bag

Tales and Treasures from the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

This Bible bag features intricate beadwork, expertly crafted pompoms, a handwoven strap, and a thick fringe of yarn. It was made by an unknown Cree or Métis woman around the northern Manitoba community of York Factory in the mid-to-late 1920s and was later purchased by Hudson's Bay Company employee George Fowlie. In 1923, young Fowlie joined the HBC as an apprentice clerk and made the journey from his home of Aberdeen, Scotland, to York Factory on the shores of Hudson Bay. He used the bag to carry his Bible to services held by an Anglican minister, Rev. Richard Faries. Fowlie worked with dogsled teams in the Nelson River District and formed bonds with the community. He returned to Scotland for a sojourn in 1929 before working in the fur trade in Grouard, Alberta, until 1934. Fowlie carefully preserved the handmade objects he acquired during his six years at York Factory, and when he died in 1985 they were passed on to his daughter. Fowlie's collection is now part of the HBC Museum Collection housed at the Manitoba Museum.

— Cortney Pachet, assistant curator of the HBC Collection at the Manitoba Museum

HUDSON'S BAY

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/Archive**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbcheritage.ca**, or follow HBC's Twitter and Instagram feeds at **@HBCHeritage.**

Leader Vilhjalmur Stefansson and members of the Canadian Arctic Expedition leave their ice-bound ship, the *Karluk*, in September 1913.

ARCTIC ATLANTIS

The race to find an elusive northern continent consumed explorers for a quarter of a century.

by Janice Cavell

"THE POSSIBILITY IS THERE; AN ISOLATED ISLAND continent, an Arctic Atlantis." It was October 1903, and American explorer Robert Edwin Peary was speaking at the National Geographic Society's headquarters in Washington, D.C. According to ancient Greek lore, the great island of Atlantis was lost when it sank beneath the ocean. Now Peary proclaimed that a new Atlantis might await discovery in the Far North, and he urged his audience to "think of writing upon that land some name to endure indelibly."

The year before, Peary had returned from an unsuccessful attempt to reach the North Pole from Ellesmere Island. He was desperate to try again and ready to grasp at any theory that would make his chances of success appear rosier to potential sponsors. If there was land between Ellesmere and the pole, finding it would bring glory to the discoverer and to his country. For Peary, it was perhaps even more important that sledging north would be far easier on land than on the pack ice, with its immense pressure ridges and leads of open water.

COURTESY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE LIBRARY.

American explorer Robert Edwin Peary claimed to have glimpsed a hitherto-unknown land mass during an unsuccessful expedition to reach the North Pole.

Peary likely knew that Dr. Rollin A. Harris — a member of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey who specialized in the study of tides — had come to believe there was a large unknown land mass in the Beaufort Sea region, extending west towards Siberia and north to the pole. Having concluded from the reports of various explorers that ocean currents were diverted away from the Beaufort Sea, Harris believed the cause must be extensive new land. (The currents do circle around this area, a phenomenon now called the Beaufort Gyre, but Harris had some important details wrong.) Harris further argued that if there was no land in the polar basin the differences between high and low tides on the north coasts of Alaska and eastern Siberia would be much greater. These claims were first published in the June 1904 issue of *National Geographic*.

Harris's theory was promptly criticized by the geomorphologist James W. Spencer, who pointed out that during the Norwegian *Fram* expedition of 1893–96 Fridtjof Nansen had proved that the Arctic Ocean was extremely deep on the European side of the North Pole. Spencer quite reasonably thought the depth was likely similar in the other hemisphere. The ocean floor around land (except islands of volcanic origin) becomes progressively more shallow closer to shore. The existence of an unknown continent in the Arctic was, accordingly, highly improbable.

A few months after Spencer's criticism appeared, Peary set off on a new polar quest. When he returned in 1906 after another failure, Peary claimed to have actually glimpsed part of the "Arctic Atlantis" from the northwest coast of Ellesmere Island. He named it Crocker Land, after one of his wealthy supporters, George Crocker. Whether he had been deceived by an optical illusion or had simply fabricated the sighting is unclear. It is certainly possible that Peary, deeply chagrined over his repeated failures to reach the pole and believing that the new continent must exist, wanted to burnish his reputation with a major discovery. Or he might have seen it as a way to help drum up money for yet another expedition. The only indisputable fact is that Crocker Land did not really exist.

Both the president of Britain's Royal Geographical Society (RGS), Sir Clements Markham, and Nansen expressed their disbelief regarding any new land beyond the limits of the North American and Siberian continental shelves. Nansen's criticism, in a talk delivered to the RGS in 1907, was detailed and scathing. He contended, rightly, that the Beaufort Sea currents were created by the prevailing winds, and he observed that, if the Arctic Ocean really matched Harris's speculations about it, it "would very soon run dry in the middle."

Nansen's prestige in the worlds of polar exploration and science was immense. Yet, astonishingly, his opinion was disregarded by most of his colleagues. Instead, both explorers and popular writers were quick to take up Harris's theory, resurrecting old Indigenous tales and sailors' reports of lands north of Alaska. For example, Harris's publications encouraged a belief in the existence of "Keenan Land," supposedly sighted by Captain John Keenan of the whaler *Stamboul* in the 1870s.

Explorers were fired by the hope of finding the last major land mass on earth and thus, in Peary's words, writing their names on the map "to endure indelibly." The process involved some of the most foolhardy acts and inglorious squabbles in northern history. Between 1905 and 1928 numerous expeditions by sledge, ship, and airplane searched for the northern Atlantis, some of them involving serious loss of life and others barely avoiding disaster.

Many writers have emphasized the role of illusion in Arctic exploration history. Historian Glyn Williams, for example, called his book about the search for the Northwest Passage *Voyages of Delusion*. But at least there really is a Northwest Passage, even if it proved far harder to navigate than geographers once hoped. The Arctic continent, by contrast, was wholly illusory, yet belief in it shaped the course of northern exploration in the early twentieth century.

The first to set out on the quest was the Englishman Alfred Harrison in 1905. Harrison, who was wealthy but not so rich that he could pay for a ship and crew, travelled down the Mackenzie River to Herschel Island off the Yukon coast. He hoped to buy supplies from the American whalers who congregated at Herschel, and he expected that one of the whaling ships would take him to Banks Island. From there, Harrison planned to sledge over the sea ice to the new continent.

At Herschel Island, Harrison found that the whalers had been frozen in by an unusually early winter and were short of supplies. Undaunted, he took up his abode with the

ALAMY

Inuit, learning their language and hunting skills. The next summer, however, the whalers' supply ship did not arrive. After another winter of living on the land, Harrison went back to England.

In 1906 he was followed by a Dane, Ejnar Mikkelsen, who partnered with an American, Ernest de Koven Leffingwell. The pair had modest funds donated by geographical societies and several wealthy individuals; in addition, they received advice and a small financial contribution from Harris. They bought a schooner, the *Duchess of Bedford*, with which they intended to establish a base on Banks Island. However, the exceptionally bad ice conditions forced them to stop far short of this goal, at Flaxman Island off the Alaska coast.

In March 1907 the two men set out northward across the Beaufort Sea ice. They passed the limit of the continental shelf and took soundings, proving that the depth was too great for land to exist anywhere nearby. The disappointed explorers kept hoping against hope to see "land looming up beyond the farthest pressure-ridge on the horizon," but they knew their soundings were "crushing evidence" against Harris's theory.

In 1908–9 Peary made his last, and supposedly successful, attempt on the pole. Whether he actually reached 90° north latitude is a matter of dispute, but he at least travelled much farther toward it than he had previously managed. Like Mikkelsen and Leffingwell, Peary took soundings that showed a depth incompatible with the existence of land.

These observations ought to have put an end to all belief in an Arctic continent. However, Harris's convictions were not easily shaken. He merely adjusted the boundaries of the supposed land, moving them away from Alaska and the pole and extending them slightly to include the reported position of Crocker Land. Peary, too, still insisted that Crocker Land was real. He encouraged a new expedition to map it, led by his former subordinates George Borup and Donald Baxter MacMillan. The Crocker Land Expedition was originally supposed to depart in 1912, but Borup was killed in a canoeing accident, forcing a delay until 1913.

This unexpected tragedy allowed Vilhjalmur Stefansson to organize a rival attempt. Stefansson had indirectly been involved with the earlier searches for the continent. In 1906 he was a graduate student and teaching assistant in anthropology at Harvard University. He was not much liked by his professors, and when he was caught selling exam questions to undergraduates they considered expelling him. In

Above left: Donald MacMillan, leader of the Crocker Land Expedition, circa 1914. Top right: The Anglo-American Polar Expedition renamed this sealing schooner *Duchess of Bedford* after one of the sponsors of its 1906–7 journey. Bottom right: A dog team pulls members of the Crocker Land Expedition, circa 1913–16.

LEFT: GIFT OF DONALD AND MIRIAM MACMILLAN. TOP RIGHT: FISHERMAN PUBLISHING COLLECTION-UBC. BOTTOM RIGHT: GIFT OF DONALD AND MIRIAM MACMILLAN

Above: Scientific staff of the Canadian Arctic Expedition (CAE) gather in Nome, Alaska, to prepare for the sailing of the *Karluk* in 1913.

Far left: The *Karluk*, stuck in Arctic ice, 1913.

Left: This 1914 image shows the graves of CAE members George Malloch and Bjarne Mamen on Wrangel Island.

the end, they foisted him off on Mikkelsen and Leffingwell, who had written to ask about young ethnologists who might be interested in joining them. "We were very glad to get rid of him," Stefansson's supervisor, Roland Dixon, later recounted.

Stefansson travelled down the Mackenzie, expecting to meet the others at Herschel Island. Since the *Duchess of Bedford* had stopped at Flaxman Island, and he had no resources of his own, he had no alternative but to follow Harrison's example during the winter of 1906–7, which he spent partly at Harrison's camp. When Stefansson left the Arctic the next summer, he was determined to return.

At this time, Stefansson's ambitions were inspired by stories he had heard from a whaler, Christian "Charlie" Klengenberg. Klengenberg had spent the winter of 1905–6 on Victoria Island, where he met the Inuinnait or Copper Inuit, who had had no recorded contact with Europeans since the 1850s. Stefansson persuaded the American Museum of Natural History to sponsor an expedition to study these people. The new venture lasted from 1908 to 1912 and resulted in a blaze of publicity created by Stefansson's claim that the Inuinnait (whom he dubbed the Blond Eskimos) might be descended from the medieval Norse colonists in Greenland.

Stefansson's initial plan for his next expedition was to return to Victoria Island, but he was soon caught up in the renewed frenzy about the Arctic continent. His new plan was copied from Mikkelsen and Leffingwell. He would buy a ship, make a base on Banks Island or Prince Patrick Island, then sledge west over the sea ice. As his ideas grew more ambitious, Stefansson became dissatisfied with

IMAGES FROM LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

the amount of money offered by his backers, the American Museum of Natural History and the National Geographic Society. He had developed contacts in Ottawa and Toronto, culminating in a meeting early in 1913 with the prime minister of Canada, Robert Borden.

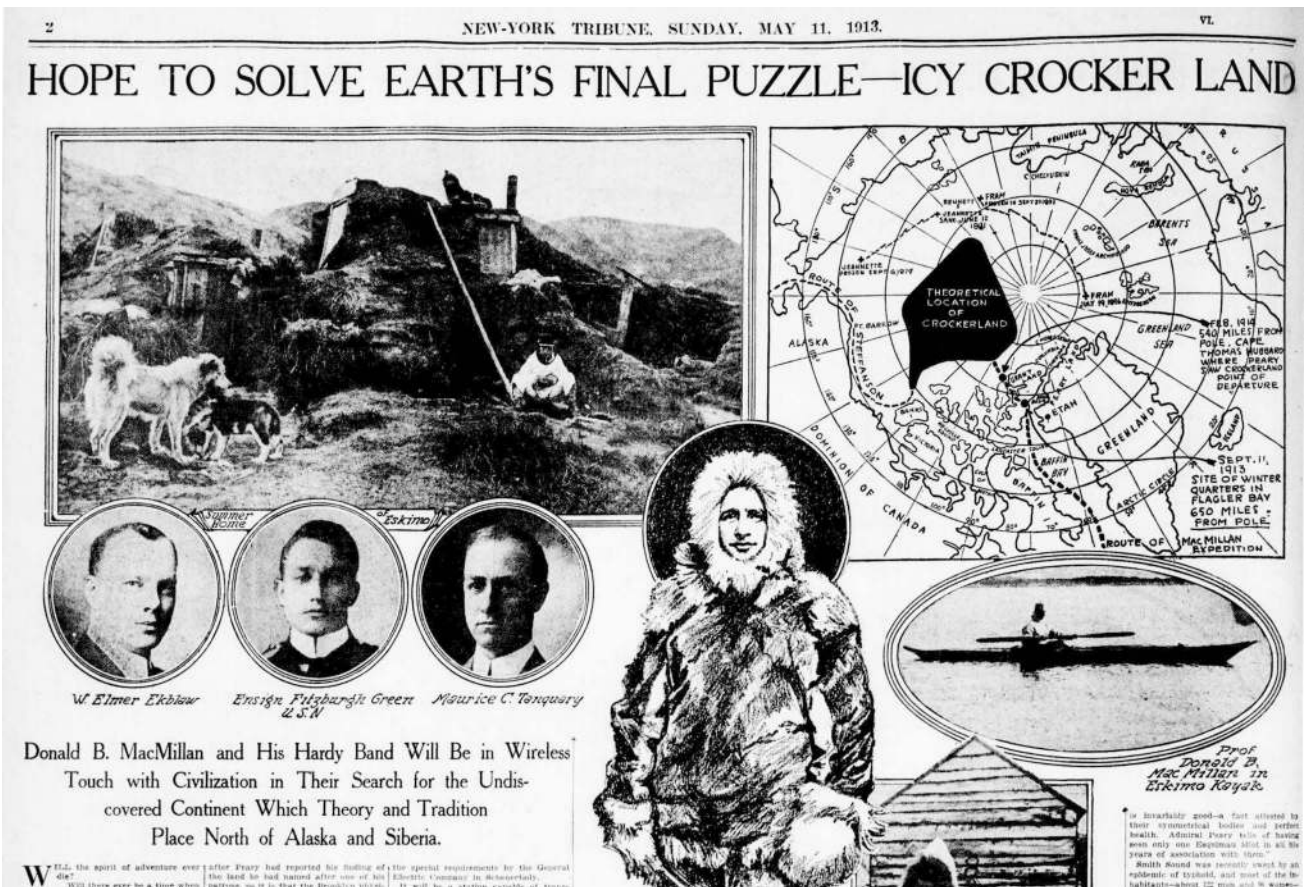
Perceptively, Stefansson focused on sovereignty over the new land. If the continent was where Harris predicted, much of it would lie directly north of the Canadian mainland. Stefansson told Borden that, if his Arctic mission was funded exclusively by backers in the United States, the explorer would have no choice but to raise the American flag on new territory. However, if he also had support from Canada, he would not raise any flag, leaving the final ownership to be settled by diplomats. Borden promptly agreed to pay all expenses, and the venture was renamed the Canadian Arctic Expedition (CAE). Decades later, Stefansson joked that his strategy had been a kind of blackmail.

The Victoria Island initiative was taken up by Diamond Jenness, an ethnologist on the CAE team. He lived among the Inuinnait, and his documentation of their lives ultimately made his scientific reputation. To captain his ship, the *Karluk*, Stefansson hired Robert Abram "Bob" Bartlett, a devoted follower of Peary. Bartlett was unhappy with the *Karluk*, an old whaler far inferior to Peary's *Roosevelt*. But he was just as passionate as Stefansson about finding the continent. "I would love to land on Crocker Land," he declared, adding: "Hope to God she stays afloat long enough to get near it."

In 1913 ice conditions on the north coast of Alaska were even worse than in 1905 and 1906. After Bartlett recklessly forced his way into the pack, the current carried the *Karluk* west. For about two weeks, the ship stayed near Harrison Bay, where Stefansson, Jenness, and a few others went ashore. Stefansson always claimed that he thought the *Karluk* was safely frozen in for the winter, and this was likely true. But instead the ship continued on toward Wrangel Island, north of Siberia, where it sank in January 1914. Eleven men died before rescue came.

Before the expedition's first year was over, many members of the CAE condemned Stefansson as an egomaniac and a terrible organizer. However, he was no coward, and he was incredibly tenacious in pursuit of his goals. He set out across the ice from Alaska to Banks Island in the spring of 1914. In 1915 he sledged from Cape Prince Alfred on the island's northwest coast towards the supposed continent. Again, soundings proved that there could be no new land nearby.

By this time, MacMillan had already tried to reach Crocker Land, with no result. MacMillan reported that he, like Peary, once thought he saw it far in the distance. But after eight days of travelling over the sea ice he found only a "chaos of pressure ridges" and realized he was "in pursuit of a will-o'-the wisp, ever receding, ever changing, ever beckoning." Peary admitted that he must have been deceived



2 NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1913. VI.

HOPE TO SOLVE EARTH'S FINAL PUZZLE—ICY CROCKER LAND

THEORETICAL LOCATION OF CROCKERLAND

ROUTE OF STEFANSSON

ROUTE OF MacMILLAN EXPEDITION

SEPT. 17, 1913 SITE OF WINTER QUARTERS IN FLAGLER BAY 650 MILES FROM POLE

FEB. 1914 540 MILES FROM POLE. CAPE THOMAS HUBBARD WHERE PEARY SAW CROCKERLAND POINT OF DEPARTURE

ALASKA

GREENLAND

DOMINION OF CANADA

Summer Home of Eskimo

W. Elmer Ekblaw — Ensign Fitzhugh Green U.S.N. — Maurice C. Torgquary

Donald B. MacMillan and His Hardy Band Will Be in Wireless Touch with Civilization in Their Search for the Undiscovered Continent Which Theory and Tradition Place North of Alaska and Siberia.

Prof. Donald B. MacMillan in Eskimo Kayak.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE/LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

A *New York Tribune* article from May 11, 1913, describes the theoretical location of Crocker Land.

by a mirage in 1906, but he stubbornly told reporters that "both physical indications and theory still pointed to the existence of land somewhere in that region."

Stefansson also refused to give up the quest. From two of the *Karluk* survivors, John Hadley and William Laird McKinlay, he learned that as the men on Wrangel Island waited for rescue, they had seen land to the north. McKinlay even provided a sketch of it. From this evidence, Stefansson concluded that the continent lay closer to Siberia than to the Canadian archipelago.

In 1921, Stefansson, determined to secure Wrangel Island as a base from which to search for the mysterious continent, sent four men — three Americans and a Canadian — and an Indigenous woman from Alaska to take possession. Two of the men were veterans of the CAE, but the other two were naive youngsters, barely out of their teens. Over the next few years, Stefansson pleaded first in Ottawa, then in London, and finally in Washington for some government to back him. In 1923 a relief ship reached the island, only to find that one man was dead and the other three had left for Siberia. They were never seen again. Only the woman, Ada Blackjack, and the expedition's pet cat survived.

The belief in an Arctic continent also survived this bizarre and tragic episode. Nearly twenty years after Harris first published his theory, much solid evidence had been accumulated against it, while the indications that the land might indeed exist were far more shadowy. But since the First World War it had been plain that aviation would transform world geopolitics. During his Wrangel Island crusade, Stefansson insisted that Wrangel would someday be a major refuelling point on trans-Arctic air routes, with immense commercial and military value. In 1926 a Soviet colony was established there, crushing Stefansson's last hopes. But the idea of a northern Atlantis remained, and if it existed its strategic potential could be vast. Some enthusiasts even suggested that it might be warmed by hot springs, making it habitable despite the latitude.

The Canadian government, Stefansson's one-time backer in the quest for the continent, had wavered at first on Wrangel Island; but even before the sad outcome was known most federal bureaucrats were opposed to Stefansson's expansionist Arctic visions. The government's former chief geographer, James White, who became ever more influential regarding Arctic policy after 1922, was convinced that there was no continent. Yet the possibility of a foreign power taking over part of the Arctic Archipelago and establishing air bases there was a clear concern. As one civil servant noted, the growth of aviation meant that "this country cannot afford to have an alien country in occupation" north of the mainland. Canada accordingly focused on demonstrating ownership of its islands through patrols by land and sea.

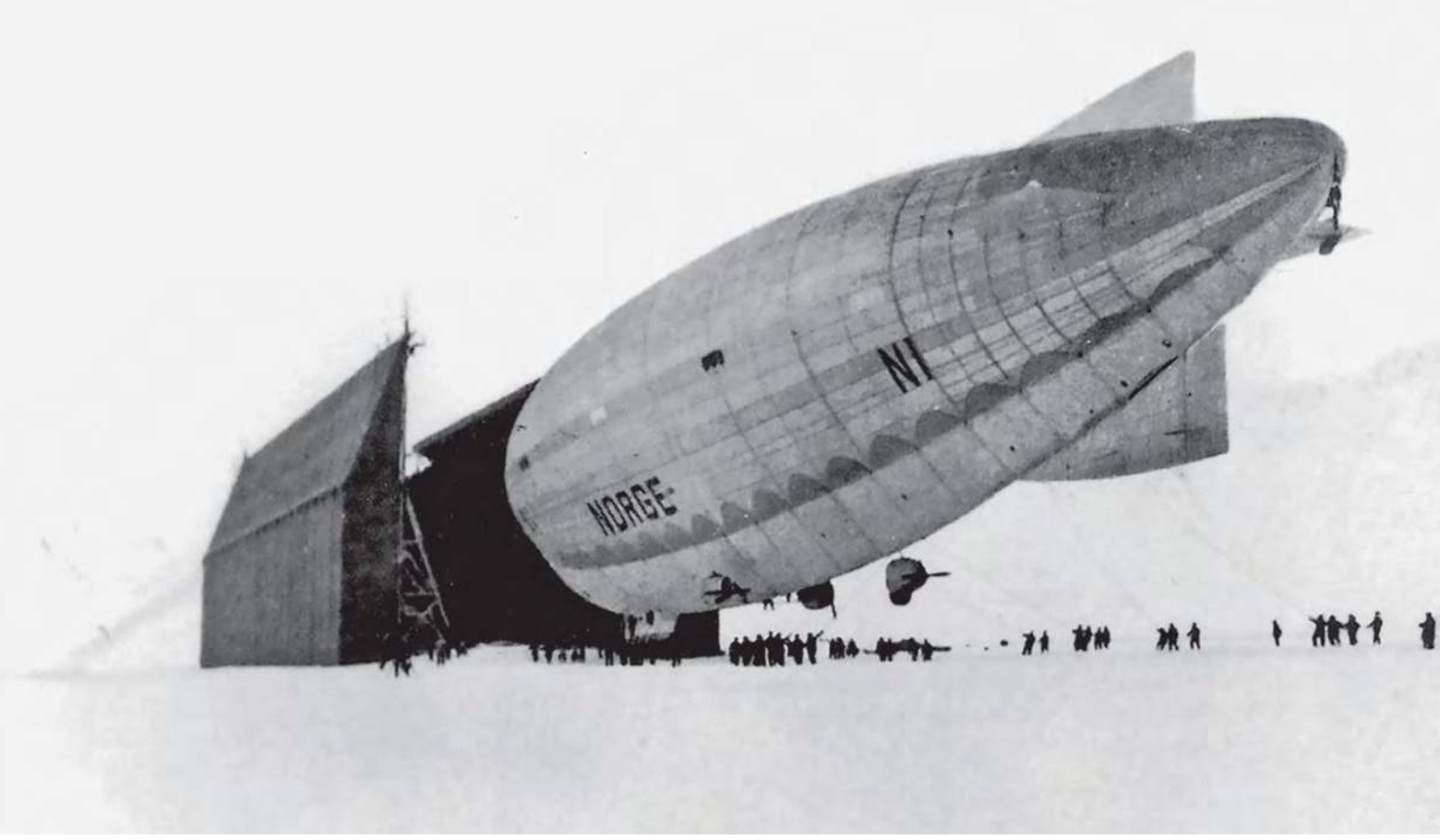
Elsewhere, the obsession with the northern Atlantis intensified. The great Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen had long been intrigued both by the airplane's potential and by the possibility of a new continent. In 1918 he set out to drift across the Arctic Ocean in the ship *Maud*, but repeated attempts to get into the main trans-polar current failed. In 1923 Amundsen abandoned the *Maud* and took to the air, planning to

Far left, top: Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen led the first expedition to successfully sail through the Northwest Passage, and was the first to reach the North Pole by dirigible.

Far left, bottom: Newfoundland-born Captain Bob Bartlett was an experienced Arctic sailor when Vilhjalmur Stefansson hired him to helm the *Karluk* for the ill-fated Canadian Arctic Expedition.

Left: Ada Blackjack was the only survivor of the Wrangel Island Expedition of 1921.

TOP LEFT: PUBLIC DOMAIN. FAR LEFT: ALAMY LEFT: COURTESY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE LIBRARY.



The *Norge* airship enters its hangar at Ny-Alesund, Svalbard, Norway, on May 7, 1926. The stopover was the last by Roald Amundsen's expedition before reaching the North Pole five days later. He later travelled across the Arctic Ocean to Alaska.

fly over the Beaufort Sea. Later that year, Bob Bartlett (who, though a Newfoundlander by birth, had become an American citizen) and others promoted a flight in the same region by the United States Navy's new dirigible, USS *Shenandoah*. The route over the pole, Bartlett proclaimed, was "the aerial Panama Canal of the future," and Washington must control it by claiming the continent.

Both these attempts were cancelled, and Amundsen's frenzied efforts to launch another airborne expedition reduced him to bankruptcy. However, he gained fresh resources when he teamed up with a wealthy young American, Lincoln Ellsworth, who passionately believed in the northern Atlantis. A 1925 flight by the two men resulted in near disaster. After a forced landing on the ice, they were barely able to get back in the air. That same year, Donald MacMillan made one more attempt to find the continent, in partnership with aviator Richard Evelyn Byrd. MacMillan and Byrd intended to establish bases on Ellesmere and Axel Heiberg islands. Luckily for Canada, their planes managed only a few short flights from a base in Greenland.

In 1926 Canadian sovereignty efforts increased with a patrol to Axel Heiberg Island and the establishment of a post on the Bache Peninsula, Ellesmere Island — at the time, the most northerly government station in the world. It seemed that these moves had come none too soon, since 1926 was a busy year for continent seeking. As one Canadian newspaper remarked, explorers were hoping to reach new land with almost every means of transport except bicycles. Most of the plans fell through, including an aerial attempt by one of Stefansson's proteges, George Hubert Wilkins (formerly the CAE's photographer). Amundsen, though, finally succeeded in making a spectacular polar flight.

He and Ellsworth decided to use a dirigible for their next effort, and they obtained one at a low cost from Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. With the airship, rechristened *Norge*, came its handsome young designer and pilot, Umberto Nobile. In the press, Amundsen enthused about how "thrilling" it would be to "drop from the sky for the first time upon a land shut in by ice." The *Norge*'s journey began in Svalbard (located roughly halfway between Norway and the pole) and ended in Alaska. As Ellsworth sadly wrote, "We kept watch always for new land, but there was always the same ice under us."

Moreover, Amundsen had to share the glory of the first trans-polar flight with Nobile, who after all had piloted the dirigible. Amundsen disdainfully referred to Nobile as a hireling; Nobile retorted that Amundsen had merely been his passenger. The undignified disputes over who had truly been in command embittered Amundsen's final years.

Wilkins, meanwhile, argued that there might still be land somewhere far from the *Norge*'s route. In 1928 he, too, made a successful trans-Arctic flight, this time from Alaska to Svalbard. Instead of passing over the pole, Wilkins investigated the supposed position of Crocker Land. He had arranged to let his sponsor, the American Geographical Society, know the result via a coded telegram. On April 21, 1928, the message arrived in New York: "No foxes seen." At last, it was beyond dispute that the northern Atlantis was an illusion.

ALAMY

Fashion designer Lucile, Lady Duff Gordon, in 1904.

FASHION'S QUEEN

BEFORE CHANEL THERE WAS LUCILE, THE ONTARIO FARM GIRL WHO BECAME THE MOST FAMOUS FASHIONISTA OF THE EDWARDIAN AGE.

BY HUGH BREWSTER

"LOOKING BACK ON IT ALL," wrote Lucile, Lady Duff Gordon in her memoir, "it seems strange that the step which would lead to my greatest happiness should have been taken in a moment of intense sorrow." In the spring of 1892, the woman who would become the foremost couturière of her time was penniless and living with her young daughter, Esmé, in her mother's tiny flat in London, England. Her alcoholic husband had abandoned her. She needed to find work, but the choices for genteel women were limited. One day while making a little dress for Esmé, she had a flash of inspiration. "Whatever I could or could not do," she thought, "I could make clothes. I would be a dressmaker."

Lucy could indeed make clothes — for most of her life it had been a necessity. Her childhood had been spent in a stone farmhouse overlooking the small town of Guelph, Ontario. A highlight of each year at Summer Hill, as the farm was known, was the arrival of a barrel of cast-off clothes sent by the family's relatives in France. Lucy and her younger sister, Elinor, would shiver with excitement as the top of the barrel was pried off and Parisian gowns, hats, and even corsets and wigs spilled out. Bolts of cloth were sometimes included, and Lucy used the scraps to create outfits for her dolls; later she would make clothes for her sister and mother.

Her father, Douglas Sutherland, had first come to Guelph in 1858 to work as a civil engineer for the Grand Trunk Railway. He soon came calling on pretty sixteen-year-old Elinor Saunders, one of the eight daughters of the local magistrate. By 1861 they were married, and on June 13, 1863, Lucy Christiana Sutherland was born in London, England, where Elinor was staying in lodgings while Douglas worked on a railway tunnel in Italy. A second daughter was born in October of the following year and named Elinor, for her mother. Not long after that, however, Douglas Sutherland contracted typhoid fever and died.

His young widow had little choice but to return to Canada with her two small daughters and live with her parents at Summer Hill. Lucy soon became a favourite of her grandfather Colonel Thomas Saunders but often ran afoul of her grandmother, a stern Victorian matriarch who insisted on enforcing Old World manners. Nevertheless, Lucy became a tomboy, "a typical little Canadian girl," in her words, "independent and resourceful. I was always the one who was caught stealing apples, or falling into the duck pond or chasing the hens."

Elinor Sutherland keenly mourned the loss of her husband, but in 1871 she agreed to marry David Kennedy, an elderly Scotsman, largely because he promised to take her away from Guelph and her overbearing mother. The next year the family sailed for England and eventually settled in a rented house near St. Helier on Jersey in the Channel Islands. The centre of Jersey's social life was the lieutenant-governor's mansion, and it was at a regimental ball there in 1881 that eighteen-year-old Lucy met a young officer who became her first love.

When he jilted her, the ever-impetuous Lucy fled to England, vowing to marry "the next man who asks me." That proved to be James Wallace, a wine merchant with a marked fondness for the product he sold, who gave her what she called "the worst six years I ever knew." When he left her for a music-hall dancer in 1891, Lucy decided to divorce him, a move that was both expensive and stigmatizing at the time, particularly for a woman.

RANDY BRYAN BIGHAM

Actress Lily Elsie wears one of the large hats Lucile designed for *The Merry Widow.*

CRAZY BIG HATS

The phenomenal success of Franz Lehár's 1907 operetta *The Merry Widow* spawned a host of tie-in products, from sheet music and gramophone records to cigars and cocktails. But nothing had the impact of the Merry Widow hat. The popularity of actress Lily Elsie and her distinctive, Lucile-created look – a large hat atop piled-up hair above a slimmer clothing silhouette – launched a major fashion trend. As rival milliners struggled to meet the demand, the hats grew ever-larger, becoming targets of cartoons and satiric postcards. When Merry Widow hats were offered as a giveaway at a Broadway performance in June 1908, it caused a stampede of pushing and shoving that the *New York Times* dubbed "the Battle of the Hats." The craze lasted until 1911, when hats began to diminish in size; but by then it had made Lucile a household name.
– Hugh Brewster

Not long after Lucy's 1892 epiphany about becoming a dressmaker, a friend came to call and mentioned that she needed a new tea gown for an upcoming country house party. Tea gowns, or "teagies," as they were known, were filmy, pretty creations worn without corsets at tea time — also the hour when gentlemen called on their mistresses. Lucy set to work creating a tea gown with soft, accordion-pleated folds, patterned on one she had seen in a play. It drew a host of admiring comments at the house party, and before long every woman who had seen it wanted one like it. Soon Lucy had to hire an assistant to help her fill the demand.

By 1893 she had four assistants and a shop called Maison Lucile on Old Burlington Street. It soon became the talk of fashionable London, largely because of a room hung with pink taffeta where undergarments — hitherto known as "unmentionables" — were displayed. Instead of the plain white cambric underwear that proper women were supposed to wear, Lucile's Rose Room offered pastel knickers and pale pink lingerie. "Half the women flocked to see them though they had not the courage to buy them at first," Lucy recalled. "Those cunning little lace motifs … those saucy velvet bows … might surely be the weapons of the woman who was 'not quite nice.'" But when Lucile's cobweb-like creations were adopted by aristocratic women in the Prince of Wales' circle, others in society soon followed.

Lucy's sister, Elinor, now a stunning beauty with perfect pale skin and billowing red hair, was adept at promoting Lucile's designs in aristocratic circles. She had married an Essex squire, Clayton Glyn, in 1892, and the couple was regularly invited to weekend house parties at Easton Lodge, the country home of Daisy, Countess of Warwick, a favourite of the Prince of Wales.

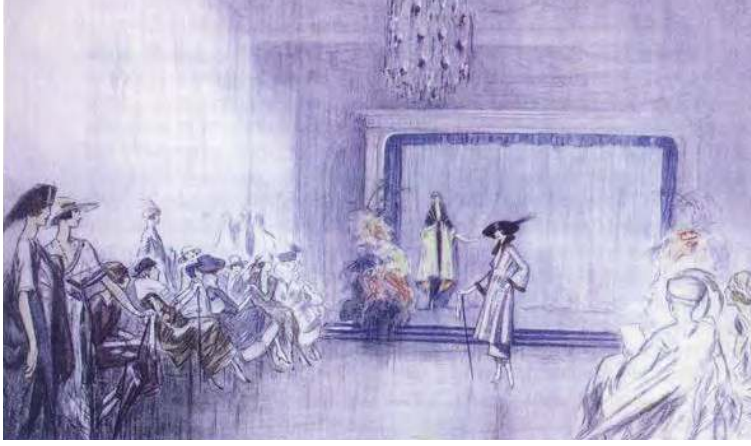
Glyn, however, soon proved to be a feckless spendthrift, and Elinor was forced to begin writing to generate needed income. Her first novel, *The Visits of Elizabeth*, published in 1900, satirized the goings-on she had witnessed at country house weekends. But it was the publication of a steamy romance in 1907, called *Three Weeks*, that made her both famous and notorious. The story of a three-week affair between a handsome young army officer and an exotic older woman, the book was a runaway success and sold more than five million copies worldwide despite being banned in Boston and, for a time, in Canada. The key seduction scene in *Three Weeks* takes place on a couch draped in a tiger skin, and it prompted an anonymous bit of doggerel that would forever dog Elinor: "Would you like to sin/ with Elinor Glyn/ on a tiger skin? Or would you prefer/ to err with her/ on some other fur?"

In 1897 Maison Lucile moved to a townhouse on London's posh Hanover Square. Lucy decorated the rooms with grey silk wall coverings and installed elegant chairs and couches where customers could sip tea while choosing clothes. This was a world away from the utilitarian dressmakers' quarters of the time. Instead of stuffed dummies displaying her frocks, Lucy had living mannequins, shopgirls whom she carefully groomed into the world's first fashion models with glamorous sobriquets like "Corisande," "Dolores," and "Gamela."

Shortly after she had moved to even larger quarters on Hanover Square in the spring of 1904, Lucy sent out engraved invitations to her first fully staged "fashion parade," to be held on a purpose-built in-house stage. On April 28 a glittering crowd of prominent women showed up to find her premises decorated with more than three thousand handmade silk roses. As the lights dimmed, a string orchestra began playing. "I shall never forget the long-drawn breath of admiration," Lucy later wrote, when "the first of my glorious girls stepped upon the stage, pausing to show herself a moment before floating along the room to a burst of applause." The next day the orders flowed in, and within months she was putting on as many as three fashion shows a day. One newspaper dubbed this new phenomenon "Lady Duff and Her Stuff," since by then Lucy had acquired the title of Lady Duff Gordon.

Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon, a tall, reserved Scottish baronet, was an early investor in Lucile Ltd. who had soon become captivated by the small, spirited woman behind the enterprise. Cosmo's mother, however, was adamantly opposed to a scandalous union with a divorcee, so they were not married until after her death in 1900. The fact that Lucy was divorced and "in trade" had also excluded her from polite society, so instead

RANDY BRYAN BIGHAM



Left: Dancer Irene Castle wears a chiffon Lucile gown named "Love in the Mist" in the Broadway hit *Watch Your Step* in 1914. Above: A Lucile fashion show is depicted in London's *Tatler* magazine in 1920. Below: A Lucile wedding dress worn by a bride from Michigan in 1918. Below right: Film star Alice Brady models a Lucile negligee and peignoir in 1919. Bottom left to right: A trio of Lucile creations includes sketches for an evening dress of green silk and white lace, 1917, a 1915 suit, inspired by a British soldier's uniform, and a gown worn by actress Billie Burke in the 1917 play *The Rescuing Angel*.

CENTRE: THE HENRY FORD MUSEUM. ALL OTHER IMAGES: RANDY BRYAN BIGHAM

she had mingled with London artists, bohemian aristocrats, and performers in what was known as café society.

She made friends with the actress Ellen Terry, which led to her being asked to design costumes for plays. At the time, clothes worn on the stage tended to be made of stiff brocades and velvets that Lucy described as hanging in "heavy, lifeless folds." By using lighter fabrics and creating clothes that could have been worn offstage as well as on, Lucy brought a new realism to theatrical design. An added benefit was that customers soon flocked to Maison Lucile asking for clothes they had seen in West End plays.

In 1907 she dressed the actresses in the first London production of the Viennese operetta *The Merry Widow*. It became a huge hit, and the large plumed hats Lucile created for the singing star Lily Elsie spawned a worldwide mania for oversized millinery. "We made thousands of pounds through the craze," Lucy recalled. "It carried the name of 'Lucile' all over Europe and the States." With West End shows clamouring for Lucile costumes, Broadway soon followed suit. Her gauzy frocks were seen so often on the New York stage that author Edna Ferber grumbled: "A gurgle and a Lucile dress don't make a play."

But Lucile gowns often did make a musical. For the Broadway hit *Irene* she provided the requisite blue dress for the show's hit song "Alice Blue Gown"; when ballroom dancer Irene Castle made her Broadway debut in Irving Berlin's *Watch Your Step*, she wore the swirling Lucile dresses that became her signature. After seeing one of Lucile's fashion parades, producer Florenz Ziegfeld was inspired to put showgirls in his famous Follies and commissioned Lucile to costume his lovely ladies. (One of

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC IMAGE COLLECTION / ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

"READ ALL ABOUT THE TITANIC COWARD!"

"Shouldn't we try to get into that boat?" Lucile, Lady Duff Gordon asked her husband, Cosmo, as they stood on the top deck of the *Titanic* shortly before 1:00 a.m. on April 15, 1912. When the order for "women and children only" had been given, crewmen had tried to pull Lucy and her assistant, Laura Francatelli, toward the lifeboats, but they wouldn't leave without Cosmo. After three lifeboats had been lowered, the crowd dispersed, and Lucy suddenly noticed that a smaller emergency boat was being prepared for loading. Following some prodding by Lucy, Cosmo asked First Officer William Murdoch if they could get in the boat.

"Yes, I wish you would," he responded. Once the Duff Gordons and Francatelli had climbed in, Murdoch allowed two American men to board as well. He then put two seamen in to handle the oars and, seeing no more passengers on the deck, told five stokers who had come up from below that they could jump in, too. He instructed the seaman at the tiller to row away from the ship and then stand by. On reaching the sea, however, the crewman was shocked to see water creeping toward the name *Titanic* painted on the ship's bow and decided to get away quickly. In a lifeboat that could have carried forty, there were only twelve people.

Through the darkness, the small Cunard liner *Carpathia* raced to the *Titanic*'s rescue, taking the 712 survivors on board. When the *Carpathia* arrived in New York on the evening of April 18, a huge crowd clogged lower Manhattan, and throngs of newspaper reporters competed for scoops on the story of the century.

Sir Cosmo and Lady Duff Gordon were whisked off to a suite at the Ritz, where fresh clothes and champagne and flowers awaited them. Over dinner with friends Lucy gave a colourful account of their escape, which was relayed to a newspaper reporter – something she would live to regret. Three weeks later, the Duff Gordons returned to England, and Lucy described the scene that greeted them upon landing: "All over the train station were newspaper placards – 'Duff Gordon Scandal' ... 'Baronet and Wife Row Away from the Drowning'.... Newsboys ran by us shouting, 'Read all about the *Titanic* coward.'"

With class resentments running high in the aftermath of the disaster, the fact that a titled English couple had escaped in a boat only one third full had roused intense public indignation. In a bid to clear their names, Lucy and Cosmo offered to testify before the British Titanic Inquiry. Lord Mersey, the head of the inquiry, later found in his report that "the very gross charge" against the Duff Gordons was unfounded. Yet this did not clear them in the court of public opinion. "A great deal of the mud that was flung stuck to us both," Lucy recalled in her autobiography. "For myself, I did not mind … but I minded very much for Cosmo's sake. The whole affair well-nigh broke his heart and ruined his life."

– Hugh Brewster

This illustration shows the *Titanic* breaking in two while sinking on April 15, 1912.

Lucile's fashion-show mannequins, "Dolores," would become the most famous of all Ziegfeld showgirls.)

With the advent of the cinema, Hollywood studios called on Lucile to dress their films. Silent-era stars such as Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, and Toronto-born Mary Pickford were devotees of her fashions both on and off the screen. Lucile's "swank, saucy style," notes Randy Bryan Bigham in *Lucile: Her Life by Design*, "became the first 'Hollywood look,'" and between 1913 and 1930 she dressed more than 115 movies.

The launch of a New York branch of Lucile Ltd. in 1910 had been an immediate success, so the next year the Canadian fashion entrepreneur decided to tackle Paris, the pinnacle of fashion. "Paris will teach her a lesson," was the condescending response from the French fashion world, but when Lucile opened with one of her signature mannequin parades her salon was mobbed. "We are sure," wrote one French newspaper, "that the dramatic performance with which Lady Duff Gordon startled Paris today will be copied by every self-respecting couturier here before long." It was a very sweet triumph for a girl from the Canadian backwoods who had once received cast-off clothes from Paris. She decided to make the French capital her base and purchased a lavish villa in Versailles named the Pavillon Mars.

By the spring of 1912 the New York salon needed larger premises. Staff sent a cable urging her to come over quickly to inspect a new location. And so, as she later wrote, "I booked a passage on the first available boat. The boat was the *Titanic*." Lucy and Cosmo escaped from the sinking liner in a lifeboat only one-third full, for which they were pilloried in the press. A later inquiry deemed the accusations unfounded.

The *Titanic* is often seen as a warning bell for a complacent society steaming toward disaster in the trenches of the Western Front. When war broke out in 1914, Lucy decided to make New York her base. "The only alternative to closing the [Paris] branch was to make the New York branch carry it…. So, rather reluctantly, for I felt like a deserter, I sailed for New York." The war seemed far away to Americans, and her business boomed; the next year she opened a Chicago salon, her most lavish yet. Cosmo stayed with Lucy in her penthouse on New York's Fifth Avenue until Genia d'Agarioff, a young Russian opera baritone she had nicknamed Bobbie, moved in. Outraged, Cosmo stormed off to London, and they lived apart until his death in 1931. She also became estranged from her sister after a thinly disguised depiction of Lucy's affair with Bobbie appeared in an Elinor Glyn novel.

Lucy poured herself into her work, launching a ready-to-wear line for Sears, Roebuck and Company, branding a perfume, and becoming a fashion adviser to millions through her columns for Hearst magazines and newspapers. In 1917 she created an elaborate charity fashion revue entitled *Fleurette's Dream at Peronne* and took it on a hugely successful national tour to raise funds for French war relief, even playing before President Woodrow Wilson in Washington, D.C. By 1918 she was exhausted; when Bobbie was felled by the Spanish influenza pandemic later that year, she was shattered. For the first time she lost interest in her business. After agreeing to amalgamate it with a wholesale company, she resigned as chairman in May of 1919 but consented to stay on as chief designer. The arrangement failed, and in 1922, after much acrimony, she severed all ties to Lucile Ltd.

Lucy sits with her chow Mahmud in the sun room of her Long Island, New York, beach house in 1916.

With her finances in tatters, she declared personal bankruptcy. Bowed but not broken, she kept on writing her fashion columns and began designing for private clients from her small London flat, much in the way she had started her career so many years before. One client was her sister, with whom she was now reconciled, though it was somewhat bittersweet that Elinor was now enjoying great success as a screenwriter and director in Hollywood. In 1932 Lucy published her autobiography, *Discretions and Indiscretions*, which became a bestseller. Two years later she was diagnosed with breast cancer, and on April 20, 1935, four years to the day after Cosmo's death, she died in a London nursing home at the age of seventy-one. Husband and wife are buried together in Brookwood Cemetery near London.

For the next few decades, Lucy was best remembered for her role in the *Titanic* disaster, with cameos of her featured in movies about the sinking. For the 1964 film version of *My Fair Lady*, designer Cecil Beaton channelled Lucile's big hats and modelled the dress in which Audrey Hepburn "could have danced all night" on a gown Lily Elsie had worn in *The Merry Widow*. Lucile designs also provided costume inspiration for television's *Downton Abbey*, and she is mentioned in both the television series and the 2019 movie.

Today, books, documentaries, and museum exhibitions are recognizing the extraordinary contribution to the history of fashion made by the girl from Guelph who dazzled the world.

RANDY BRYAN BIGHAM

NORTHERN VISIONS

Exploring the striking Arctic paintings of artist Hilton Hassell

by Mark Collin Reid

"You have not seen Canada until you have seen the North."
— Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, 1970

MORE THAN THIRTY-SEVEN MILLION people live in Canada, and very few of them will ever visit the Far North. Clustered in towns and cities in the southern portions of the country, their vision of the Arctic regions comes only from photographs, videos, or works of art.

In 1974, a Canadian artist inspired by earlier landscape paintings by members of the Group of Seven travelled by ship through the Far North. Hilton Hassell's voyage aboard the Fednav Limited ship MV *Tundraland* resulted in a burst of creativity and the production of a host of stunning landscape paintings as well as documentary-style photographs depicting the region's places and peoples.

The voyage took Hassell to Maarmorilik in Greenland and to Arctic Bay, Pond Inlet, and Grise Fiord in what is today Nunavut. He then travelled past Devon Island, through Jones Sound and Hell Gate, and all the way to Axel Heiberg Island and Eureka, at 80° North on Ellesmere Island. Many of the smaller paintings he produced were made aboard the ship, while the larger pictures were created later in his studio, working from sketches he created during his journey.

All the paintings created during that 1974 voyage were subsequently purchased by Fednav (then known as Federal Commerce & Navigation), which today showcases the artworks in its offices around the world.

Hassell returned to the Arctic for another voyage in 1977 and died three years later at the age of seventy, leaving behind a legacy of evocative Arctic landscapes.

In 1994, John Weale, a vice-president of Fednav, published *Patterns to Infinity*, a book about Hassell's northern journeys. *Canada's History* editor-in-chief Mark Collin Reid spoke with Weale about Hassell's enduring legacy.

Left: Near Hell Gate.

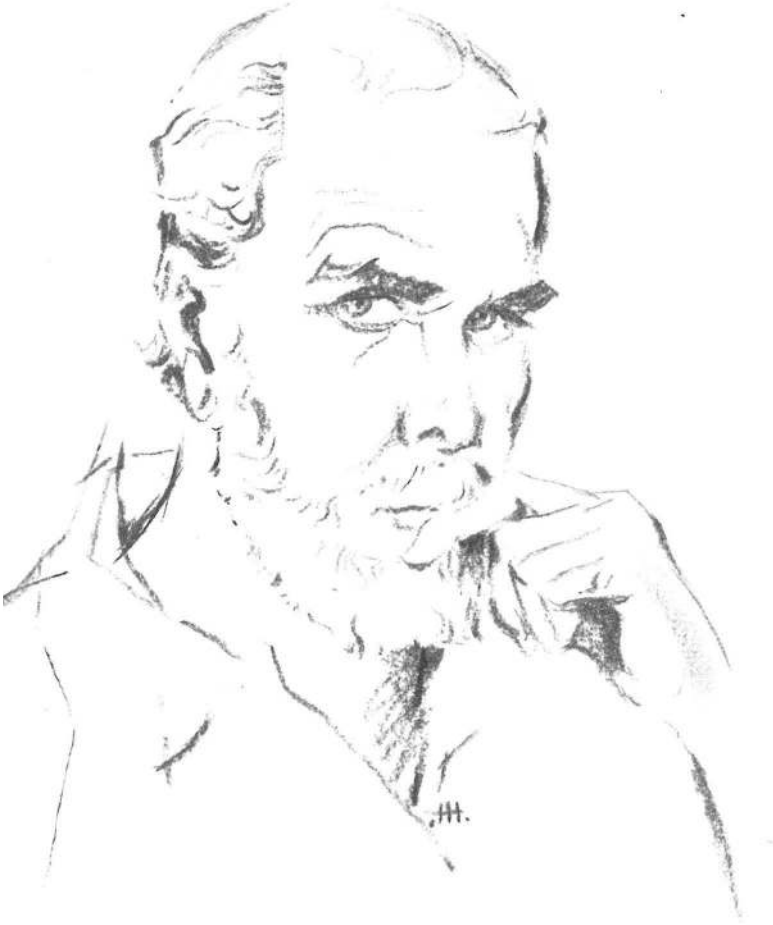
HILTON HASSELL/COURTESY OF FEDNAV LIMITED

Why do you think some critics diminished or dismissed his work, as you mention, by saying it demonstrates "smooth skills and well-tried tricks"?

Well, that's an interesting question. Hassell had started out as a commercial artist, a profession that requires an ability to work quickly and within a convention dictated by a particular context. But when he left that métier and starting working as a serious artist, he would hardly abandon his technical ability. I think this sort of criticism is rather superficial and unpersuasive.

Hassell has said that when he looks at a landscape "of trees, groups of houses or cliff formations" he sees them begin to "link and form" into a design. How do you think this vision has influenced or affected his Arctic paintings?

Hassell was always reluctant to talk about his work; he wanted the pictures to speak for themselves. But I do think that this remark captures the essence of his Arctic paintings, and especially those without any sign of human activity. One of the paintings of Norwegian Bay, depicting a broad field of puddled ice, is titled *Patterns to Infinity* — and in a way that says it all. One aspect of his work that may deserve mention here is the variety that he manages to achieve within a fairly limited — and deliberately chosen — range of colours; the atmosphere created by his Newfoundland or Irish pictures is quite different from his Arctic work. Another interesting facet is the economy of line and shading in his pencil sketches.



Unlike some artists, Hassell seemed to prefer not to overtly explain the meaning behind his art. What does that say to you about the personality behind the paintbrush?

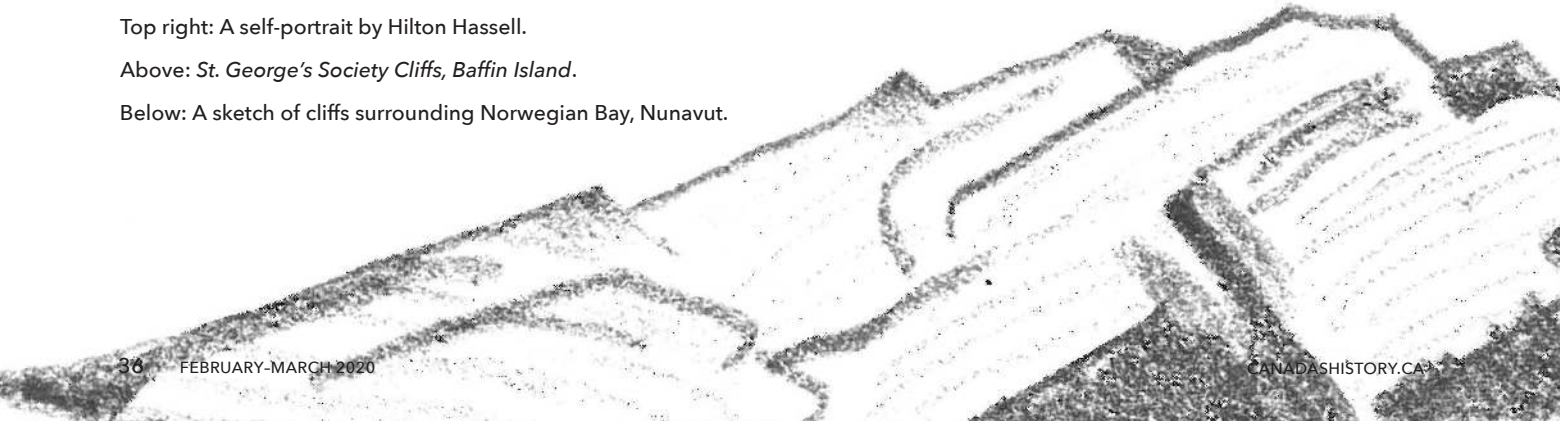
At least in public, I think he was almost reclusive when it came to speaking about his art, which he obviously took very seriously. But I don't think I can really say much beyond that, because I never met him. He clearly worked decisively and quickly, and that may suggest a fairly firm and confident personality.

HILTON HASSELL/COURTESY OF FEDNAV LIMITED

Top right: A self-portrait by Hilton Hassell.

Above: *St. George's Society Cliffs, Baffin Island*.

Below: A sketch of cliffs surrounding Norwegian Bay, Nunavut.



Above: *Water Carriers, Strathcona Sound*. The work was painted from the sketch shown below, which was created by Hilton Hassell on August 7, 1974.

HILTON HASSELL/COURTESY OF FEDNAV LIMITED

HILTON HASSELL/COURTESY OF FEDNAV LIMITED

After Hassell's first voyage aboard the *Tundraland*, Fednav decided to purchase his entire collection of Arctic paintings. What inspired that decision?

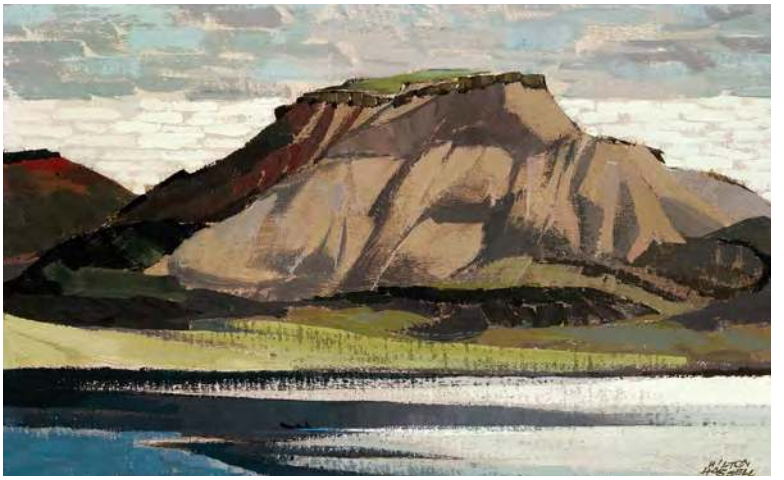
I wasn't there at the time, so I can only speculate; but I think it was a natural reaction to seeing the effect of the whole group in one place — especially given the circumstances of its creation. So far as I know, the arrangement had been that the company would pay for Hassell's travel and keep, and in return would have first refusal to purchase the resulting artwork at his asking price. Hassell went north again a few years later, and Fednav also bought some of the large paintings which originated on those trips.

What impresses you the most about Hassell's paintings?

I think their freshness and sense of place. As you might say, they wear well!

You published *Patterns to Infinity* as a way of showcasing Hassell's work during his Arctic voyages. Why was it important for you to share his story with the wider Canadian audience?

That was the fiftieth anniversary of Fednav's incorporation. We wanted to produce something to mark the occa-



Left: *The John A. Macdonald in Heavy Ice, Norwegian Bay*.

Top: *King George V. Mountain, Arctic Bay*.

Above: *Wellington Channel*.

HILTON HASSELL/COURTESY OF FEDNAV LIMITED

sion for our employees and customers which was unique to the company, something typically Canadian but not too ostentatious or self-promoting. We were able to borrow his journal and also his sketches and photographs from his family, and so we had enough material to present an interesting narrative in a manageable format. (As you may have noticed, we had the book printed locally: That was a conscious decision.)

Hassell seems to have somewhat divided his critics, with some praising his vision of the Far North and others saying that his paintings were more focused on technique than on adding something new or unique to the art form. How do you see Hassell's legacy? And, how do you hope Canadians remember him and his work?

I may be a bit prejudiced, but I do believe his work will in due course gain greater attention and appreciation. Although he certainly went up north for other patrons or sponsors besides Fednav, many of those paintings, like ours, have remained in private hands, and as a result, his pictures may not have had as much exposure as they deserve. One day — I hope quite soon — Hilton Hassell's time will come!

A GRATEFUL NATION

Seventy-five years after WWII, the Dutch are determined to keep alive the legacy of their Canadian liberators.

by Mark Collin Reid

ON JUNE 6, 1944, CANADA AND ITS ALLIES launched the largest amphibious attack in the history of the world. The invasion took place along France's Normandy coast, at beaches code-named Omaha, Utah, Gold, Sword, and Juno. As approximately 156,000 Allied soldiers, including more than 21,000 Canadians, stormed the Nazi defences, Canadian Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King addressed the country by radio: "Let the hearts of all in Canada today be filled with silent prayer for the success of our own and Allied forces and for the early liberation of the people of Europe."

The fight for Normandy was the beginning of the end of the Second World War. After Juno Beach, Canadians helped to drive the Germans from northern France and then headed to the Netherlands, which Germany had occupied since May 1940.

The Dutch campaign of 1944–45 was fought in terrible conditions. Vast swaths of the country were strategically flooded by the Germans, and later by the Allies, forcing the Canadians to fight in waist-deep water against a well-entrenched and fanatical enemy. With the war finally threatening Germany itself, the Wehrmacht troops were desperate to defend their fatherland. All the while, many Dutch citizens were starving during a *hongerwinter* (hunger winter) that saw families forced to eat tulip bulbs to survive.

Last fall, *Canada's History* travelled to the Netherlands to take part in seventy-fifth-anniversary commemorations, which will continue throughout the spring of 2020. Across the Netherlands, the Canadian Maple Leaf will fly proudly — a testament to the sacrifices of Canadian soldiers seventy-five years ago and a symbol of the enduring legacy of gratitude and friendship that unites the Netherlands and Canada.

Jubilant Dutch citizens swarm a Canadian soldier in Utrecht, Netherlands, during the city's liberation on May 7, 1945.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

In the late 1970s, Ben Dunkelman of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada described what it was like to fight in the flooded fields of the country's Scheldt region. "I must say that I remember the Scheldt estuary as a hell on earth for the soldier," Dunkelman wrote in his autobiography, *Dual Allegiance*. "To this day, I don't know how I got through."

It's late October 2019, and I'm in Nieuwdorp, Netherlands, courtesy of Liberation Route Europe, an organization that promotes travel as a way of educating people about the Second World War. Our group is greeted by our guide, Gert-Jan Jacobs, who explains how Canada and its allies liberated this country in stages between October 1944 and May 1945.

The first attempt to free the Netherlands, also commonly known as Holland, actually took place in September 1944.

On September 17, the Americans and the British launched Operation Market Garden, which saw thousands of paratroopers dropped behind enemy lines near the cities of Arnhem, Nijmegen, and Eindhoven. Their mission was to secure a series of bridges and canals leading to the Rhine River, creating a land corridor the Allies could use to invade Germany. If successful, Operation Market Garden might have ended the war by Christmas. Its failure — immortalized in the 1977 movie *A Bridge Too Far* — resulted in the launch of the Canadian-led Scheldt campaign of October–November 1944.

The goal was to free the estuary leading to Antwerp, Belgium, which had been captured by the Allies in early September 1944, so that the port could be used to transport supplies to the front lines.

The plan called for the Canadians and their allies to drive the enemy from the north of the port, secure a route to the South Beveland peninsula, clean out the "Breskens pocket" north of the Leopold Canal, retake South Beveland, and, finally, liberate Walcheren Island.

Driving through the Scheldt region, I'm struck by the patchwork of flat fields and raised dikes. This is polder country, where the land is anywhere from a few dozen centimetres to a couple of metres below sea level. (A polder is low-lying land, protected by dikes, that has been reclaimed from marshes or bodies of water.)

We arrive at the former island of Walcheren, which today is surrounded by farmland (the sea water was drained decades ago). Gert-Jan, our guide, asks a guest historian, Wouter Hagemeijer of the Netherlands Institute of Military History, to recount the story of the Battle of Walcheren Causeway, which took place here late in October 1944.

Hagemeijer explains how tactical flooding was used by both sides in the war. As the Allies entered the Scheldt, the Germans blew up dikes to slow the troops' advance. Each high tide sent sea water pouring into the breaches, forcing the Dutch to flee their homes. In many flooded areas, the water was too shallow for boats but too deep for tanks or artillery to operate. The Canadians were forced either to wade through the icy brine or to attack along the tops of dikes against the entrenched German forces.

"It is fighting you don't want to do," Hagemeijer said. "It was quite ferocious."

Early in October 1944, George Teasdale of the Calgary

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES OF ALBERTA

Canadian combat medics construct a field hospital on a dike at Walcheren Island, Netherlands, during the Battle of the Scheldt in late October 1944.

Left: German machine gunners man dugouts on a dike near the Netherlands-Belgium border during the Battle of the Scheldt in October 1944. Right: A distressed Dutch child cries during the famine-wracked *hongerwinter* of 1944–45.

Highlanders stormed a German emplacement in South Beveland. Decades later, he described the battle: "A German on top of a dike opened up on us and some guys were just cut in two. Some guys who were injured had fallen in the ditches and there was a lot of screaming. Well, we didn't have time to stop. We had to get on top of this dike and flush this guy out."

At Walcheren, the Allies turned the tables, breaching dikes and flooding the island, trapping the Germans on a few pockets of high ground. Between October 31 and November 2, the 5th Canadian Infantry Brigade, plus elements of the British 52nd Lowland Infantry Division, repeatedly assaulted the German positions, fighting along a forty-metre-wide, one-kilometre-long causeway that connected the island to the mainland. The victory at Walcheren brought the Scheldt campaign to an end, but at a high cost; over five weeks of fighting in the Scheldt, the First Canadian Army (which included both Canadian and Allied troops) suffered 12,873 casualties.

Years later, memories of the Scheldt remained seared in the minds of the Canadians who fought there. "After we finished the fighting on the Scheldt," Lance Corporal Bill Davis of The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) recalled in 2015, "I swore I'd never go back."

When the Second World War erupted in September 1939, the Dutch hoped to remain neutral, as they had during the First World War. Unfortunately, German Chancellor Adolf Hitler needed Holland's North Sea ports to complete his Atlantic Wall of coastal defences that ultimately stretched from Spain to Norway.

On May 10, 1940, the Germans entered Holland. Armed with First World War-era weapons and provided with little modern training, the Dutch were able to resist for only a few days.

At first, occupation life settled into an uneasy yet manageable rhythm, Hagemeijer said, in part because the Germans considered the Dutch to be a brother Aryan race. "They considered us as almost Germans and tried to win us over."

Holland's Jews were not so fortunate. Once the Nazis had subdued the general population, they quickly began to foment hatred of Dutch Jews. At the time, the country was home to around 140,000 Jews, including some who had fled Germany during Hitler's rise to power in the 1930s. Over a period of months Jews were segregated, ostracized, persecuted, and made to wear the Star of David.

Many Dutch were angry at the turn of events, and in February 1941 they launched a mass protest strike in Amsterdam in solidarity with the Jewish population. The labour uprising was harshly punished. The Germans quickly enacted *Arbeitseinsatz* — the forced labour of Dutch men for the German war effort — and a few months later they banned all political parties except for the *Nationaal-Socialistische Beweging* (NSB), or National Socialist Movement, a Dutch fascist party that at the time had only a fringe following.

Suddenly, Holland's most extreme right-wing citizens were in power, eager to work with the Nazis to hunt down both Jews and members of the Dutch resistance.

In the 1970s, Rachel Stern, née Veffer, of Toronto recalled her experiences as a Jewish child living in Amsterdam during the occupation. She spoke of the day a rabbi appeared at her family's home to inform her parents of new restrictions that were being imposed on Jews. "But the worst was yet to come," she said. "Out of an envelope he pulled several Stars of David made out of a yellow material, and he instructed us to sew them on every piece of clothing so they would be clearly visible when we went out. We were now branded people, and when the Germans decided to round us up, it was to be easy for them to pick us out."

Many Dutch sympathized with the Jews, and some sheltered them from the Nazis — but the role collaborators played in helping to fulfill Hitler's "final solution" remains a national wound. During the war, more than three quarters of Holland's Jewish population was murdered — the highest death rate of all the occupied western European nations.

Today, Dutch museums are challenging visitors to confront

LEFT: ALAMY; RIGHT: NIOD ARCHIVES

Above: Nazi soldiers smile as they harass a Jewish man during a raid on Amsterdam's Jewish community in February 1941.

Top right: A photo of Anne Frank hangs at the Memory Vrijheids-museum in Nijverdal, Netherlands. Frank hid with her Jewish family for two years in Amsterdam before they were captured in 1944. She died at the Bergen-Belsen death camp in February 1945.

Right: Jews in Westerbork, Netherlands, are forced onto trains bound for Auschwitz circa 1942–44.

Below: Dutch resistance member Leendert Hoogenboom circa 1940s.

Bottom right: The Dilemma Maze in Bergen op Zoom.

TOP LEFT: NATIONAAL ARCHIEF. TOP RIGHT: MARK REID. CENTRE RIGHT: PUBLIC DOMAIN
BOTTOM LEFT: MARCEL HOOGENBOOM. BOTTOM RIGHT: MARK REID

this tragic legacy. At the Vrijheidsmuseum in Groesbeek, we watch a short film that explores the moral quandaries Dutch citizens faced during the occupation. During the video, a young blond man speaks directly to viewers about his excitement at finally being accepted into the local police force. The scene changes, and the man, now visibly worried, says he's been ordered to hunt down and arrest Jews and will be fired if he doesn't comply.

A similar scenario plays out at the Dilemma Maze, a commemoration installation located between the Canadian and British cemeteries at Bergen op Zoom. The maze consists of a series of connected crosses. As you enter, you're presented with a hypothetical scenario — you've been asked to shelter Jewish neighbours fleeing from the fascist authorities. At each stage of the maze, you are asked *Wat zou jij nu doen?* (What would you do?) Your choices help you navigate through the maze — but they also decide the fate of the frightened fugitives.

Inspired by real-life events, the Dilemma Maze is a confrontational, emotionally jarring experience that reminds you there are no easy answers in wartime.

What if the fugitives were your neighbours? Or your friends?

Wat zou jij nu doen?

In August 1942, Leendert Hoogenboom, a member of the resistance cell Groep Van Deest, was dragged from his home in Middelburg and taken to a Nazi-run prison, known as the *Oranjehotel*, in Scheveningen, a district in The Hague, Holland.

On this evening, we're sitting with Leendert's grandson, Marcel Hoogenboom, at the historic Hotel Erica in Berg en Dal, in eastern Holland. Marcel is the hotel's manager, and he explains how his grandfather was betrayed by a neighbour, a devoted member of the fascist NSB. Shuttled among several concentration camps in Holland, and, later, Germany, Leendert ended up at Dachau, a concentration camp for political prisoners. Inmates there were routinely beaten and flogged and forced into slave labour for the Nazi war machine. Malnutrition and illness were rampant. In April 1945, as the end of the war loomed, Leendert was freed and attempted to walk back to Holland. Sick from his mistreatment in captivity, he died in a hospital in Speyer, Germany, three hundred kilometres from the Dutch border.

Marcel switches his story to a tale of his grandmother, Leendert's wife. One day, decades later, she was eating in a restaurant when she saw a statuesque white-haired man enter with his family. It was the informant who had sent her husband to his eventual death. "My grandmother freezes in her chair," Marcel says, recounting the story. "She gives my aunt an elbow, and she says, very coldly, 'This is the person who lived next door to me in the war.'"

Marcel's grandmother double-checked the restaurant's register. It was the right man, but the wrong name. "He changed his name," Marcel explains. "He took another identity, remarried, had children and grandchildren, a whole new life."

Unbowed, the diminutive nonagenarian marched up to her former neighbour, tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "You may write down that [fake] name on that list, but I know who you are." Later, the family debated whether to report the man to the police. Marcel's grandmother replied, "I do not want anyone to know I have seen this person. I have faced him. This is my justice, my revenge."

Justice. *Revenge*. In wartime, the line dividing the two is often blurry.

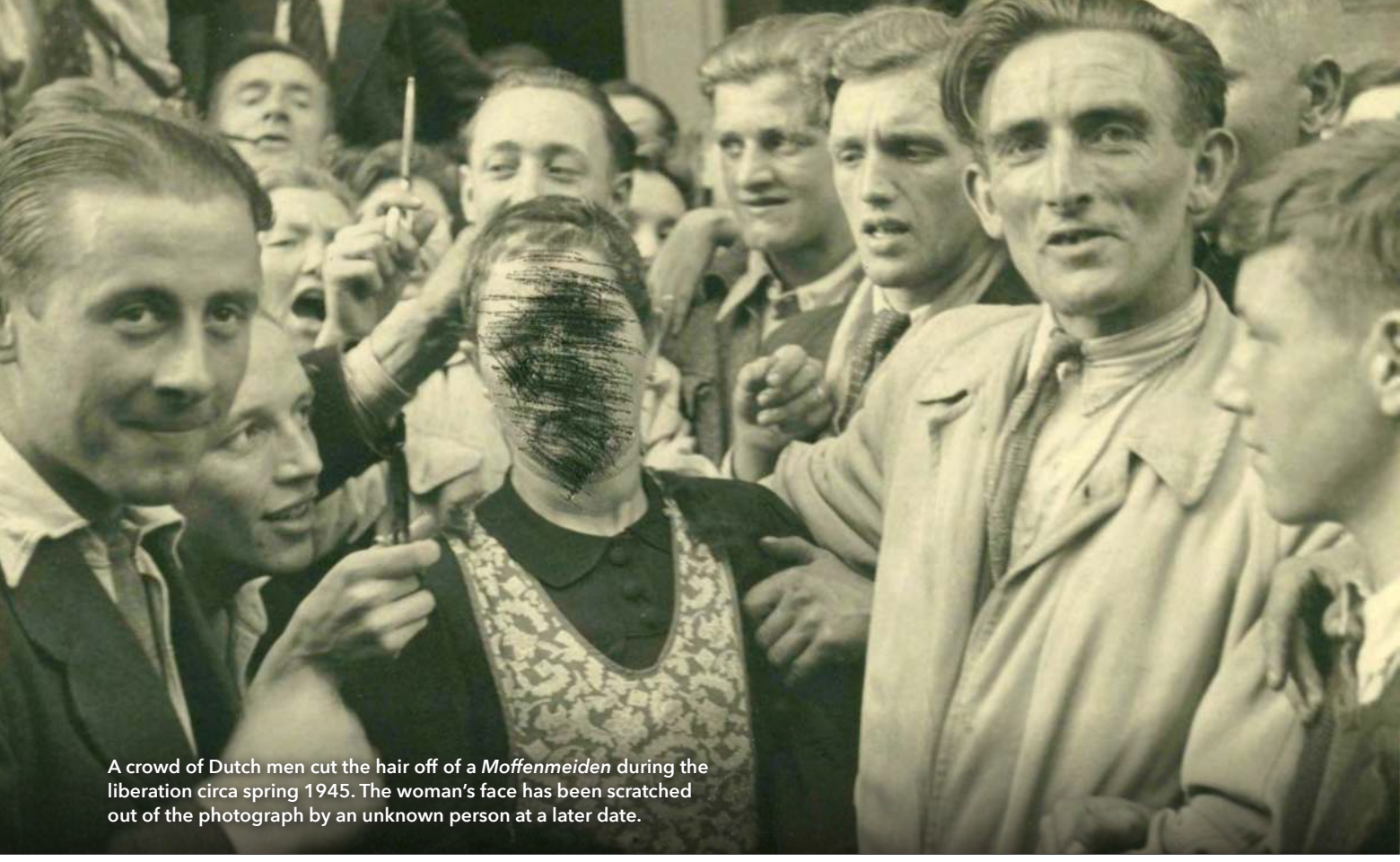
Dutch teenage girls, members of the National Youth Storm – modelled after the Hitler Youth organization in Germany – dance at a pro-Nazi festival in July 1941. At its peak, the Youth Storm had more than sixteen thousand members.

In Apeldoorn, I visit a famous statue, *The Man With Two Hats*, whose twin is found in Ottawa. The bronze sculpture depicts a Dutch man joyously waving a pair of broad-brimmed chapeaus in celebration over being liberated by Canadians.

I think back on some of the other images I have seen on my trip — historic photos of starving Dutch children, or of Nazis gleefully beating Jews in Amsterdam. I think about the grey-and-navy-striped concentration camp uniform that hangs inside the Memory Vrijheidsmuseum in Nijverdal — and about the prisoner who once wore it. Did she or he live to celebrate the liberation?

I approach a nearby middle-aged woman and ask whether it was difficult for the Dutch to forgive the Germans after the war. It was easier for young generations, she says, but older Dutch people struggled. "It was very difficult for them at first. They had a swear word for [the Germans]. They were *Moffen*."

NIOD ARCHIVES



A crowd of Dutch men cut the hair off of a *Moffenmeiden* during the liberation circa spring 1945. The woman's face has been scratched out of the photograph by an unknown person at a later date.

Moffen. The closest English approximation is "Kraut," a commonly used slur for Germans during both world wars.

I Google the word *Moffen*, and images appear of frightened Dutch women being dragged through the streets of Holland. Some are being held by men, who gleefully shave the women's heads. One woman is bald except for tufts of hair cut into the shape of a swastika. Confused, I read the photo's caption. It describes the women as *Moffenmeiden* — among the estimated 140,000 Dutch women who, either willingly or forcibly, engaged in sexual relations with German soldiers during the occupation and who were ostracized following the liberation. In many cases these women, some of whom bore the children of German soldiers, were forced to flee the Netherlands to evade the stigma.

Staring at the faces of the men in these photos, I wonder, did they believe they were meting out justice — or revenge?

Wat zou jij nu doen?

In Canada, we are still grappling with our country's historic sins. We struggle to reconcile the internment of Japanese Canadians during the Second World War, or our nation's racist treatment of Indigenous soldiers, with our vision of Canada and its allies as "the good guys" of the war.

While seventy-five years seem like a long time, in reality, it's barely even history yet. For veterans of the war, and for those who lived through those frightening times, the Second World War is memory. The emotions are still raw, despite the passing of time. And yet there is also forgiveness.

I ask our Dutch companions, Gert-Jan and Ruurd Kok, the latter an archaeologist and writer taking part in the media tour, about the current state of relations between the Netherlands and Germany. The two countries have grown close over the decades, Ruurd explains. Both countries are members of the European Union, and German tourists help to keep the Dutch economy humming.

Ruurd says a few words to Gert-Jan in Dutch and then switches to English. With a wry smile, he says, "Bring us back our bikes!"

Gert-Jan smiles and chimes in, "We want our grandfathers' bicycles back!"

Ruurd explains the joke: It relates to *Dolle Dinsdag* (Mad Tuesday), a pivotal moment of the occupation. On September 5, 1944, Dutch radio reported that the Allies had liberated Belgium and were marching on Holland. As thousands of citizens celebrated in the streets, frantic Germans and NSB collaborators rushed to flee the country. They piled into cars and trucks, commandeered horse-pulled wagons, and even stole countless bicycles in their dash to safety. Sadly, Mad Tuesday was an illusion. The Allies' advance was halted in Belgium, and the Germans soon returned, bent on punishing those who had cheered their flight.

Today, the memory of *Dolle Dinsdag* lives on during international soccer matches between Holland and Germany, where Dutch fans wearing their blazing *Oranje* jerseys can be heard taunting their German foes, *geef ons onze fietsen terug!* (give us back our bicycles!). The Dutch have forgiven the Germans — but they will never forget.

NIOD ARCHIVES

Above: Canadian troops patrol snowy forests in eastern Netherlands, near the German border, during the winter of 1945.

Right: A cartoonist mocks the flight of Germans and NSB members during *Dolle Dinsdag* (Mad Tuesday), which took place in the Netherlands on September 5, 1944.

After the victory at the Scheldt, the Allies gathered their strength for a final push into Germany. As the winter of 1944 set in, the northern portion of Holland remained under German control. Throughout the occupied provinces, Dutch families suffered from a devastating famine that arose after supplies entering the region slowed to a trickle. As many as twenty-two thousand Dutch people died during the hunger winter.

Maria Haayen was a teenager at the time, and, thirty years later, after immigrating to Canada, she recalled the hardships of that terrible winter.

"Every day was a fight for life," she said. "When you are hungry, all you ever do is dream about food. That was the most important thing in our conversations — dreaming about the time after the war when we could have cake, and eggnog, and chocolate, and rice with butter and sugar."

Ruurd, the Dutch archaeologist, is too young to have experienced the hunger winter, but he said his parents ate tulip bulbs to survive: "That's why I was told never to throw away my food."

The famine finally eased after the Allies liberated the northern half of the country in the spring of 1945. Some of the heaviest fighting took place near the German border at Groesbeek, where we meet guide Maarten Dekkers of the Vrijheidsmuseum.

The region of rolling hills and dense forests to our southeast was the scene of the Battle of the Rhineland. Between February and March of 1945, the 2nd and 3rd Canadian Infantry Divisions and the 4th Canadian Armoured Division fought their way south from Nijmegen to clear the territory between the Maas and the Rhine rivers. During the campaign, the Germans put up a fierce defence — the Allies suffered nearly 23,000 casualties, including 5,300 Canadians killed or wounded.

"We called down target after target of artillery fire, trying to knock out the tanks and enemy paratroopers," Lieutenant Colonel Denis Whitaker of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry recalled years later. "We sent our men to attack the counter-attackers, until I had no more men to send. One by one my top officers were wounded or killed."

With Canadian, American, and British-led forces closing in from the west, and the Russians assaulting Berlin in eastern Germany, Hitler committed suicide on April 30, 1945. On May 8, the Allies accepted Germany's unconditional surrender.

As my trip to the Netherlands draws to a close, I'm struck by how current the war is here, compared to the experience in Canada. Everyone here has a story; everyone was affected.

I meet Jan Schoofs at his farm outside Groesbeek. When he was seven, he awoke to the sound of an airplane engine crashing through the roof of his family's barn. Seconds later, the fuselage of a Halifax bomber smashed into a nearby field, killing its Royal Canadian Air Force and Royal Air Force crew. The airplane had been shot down while on a bombing raid over Essen, Germany. To this day, Schoofs maintains a shrine to the fallen airmen in his living room.

In Bergen op Zoom, I walk along the *Canadalaan*, or Canada Lane — the first street in the city to be liberated on October 27, 1944. Every house, on both sides of the street, is flying a Canadian flag.

TOP LEFT: NIOD ARCHIVES. TOP RIGHT: NIOD ARCHIVES

Top left: A home on Canadalaan (Canada Lane) in Bergen op Zoom, Netherlands, is festooned with Canadian flags in October 2019. Top right: Five-year-old Kiki Niewenhuijse carries flowers in October 2019 to lay at the Canadian Memorial Sloedam near the city of Arnemuiden, Netherlands. Centre left: Medals belonging to Lance Corporal Murray Northrup, seen in the photograph, rest on his gravestone at the Canadian War Cemetery at Bergen op Zoom, Netherlands. Northrup was killed on October 30, 1944, during the Battle of Walcheren Causeway. Below left: Murray Northrup's nephews, Canadian veterans Jim Northrup, left, and Mark Northrup, right, share a drink of Canadian maple whisky during a rededication ceremony for their uncle's gravestone. During the ceremony, the men also poured whisky on their uncle's grave. Lower right: Jan Schoofs holds a photo of Canadian bomber crewmen who died after their plane was shot down in 1943 over his family farm near Groesbeek, Netherlands.

TOP LEFT, TOP RIGHT AND LOWER RIGHT: MARK REID. CENTRE LEFT AND LOWER LEFT: RUURD KOK

At the nearby Canadian War Cemetery, I watch Princess Margriet of the Netherlands lay a wreath on behalf of the Dutch royal family. Her family was sheltered by Canada during the war, and she was born in an Ottawa hospital. In the spring, evidence of Holland's eternal gratitude sprouts to life in Canada's capital in the form of the thousands of Dutch tulips donated annually to our country.

At the Canadian Memorial Sloedam at Walcheren, I see five-year-old Kiki Niewenhuijse and her grandmother lay flowers at the foot of the monument. Kiki's mother Natasja

tells me that her family attends the ceremony every year. In the Netherlands, the story of the liberation isn't just history — it's a sacred trust, handed from one generation to the next.

I speak to a pair of Canadians who, during a memorial ceremony at Bergen op Zoom, stood as an honour guard over the graves of Canadian soldiers. Corporal Mason Bouchard and Corporal Mika Pooley of Thunder Bay, Ontario's Lake Superior Scottish Regiment have travelled here to honour veterans of their regiment who died liberating Holland. Bouchard said he was amazed by the gratitude shown by the Dutch. "We're kind of overwhelmed," he said. "There's just a lot of positive energy around here. I'm surprised how much they love Canadians."

The Dutch love Canadians. It's something I've heard many times during my trip. I think back to the black-and-white photos of the liberation that I've seen. They depict unbridled joy, a swirling chaos of smiling faces and waving flags, of boys and girls clambering atop Canadian jeeps and tanks, and of young women hugging Canadian soldiers, some of whom would later become their boyfriends and even husbands. Nearly two thousand Dutch women married Canadian soldiers, part of a wave of more than forty-seven thousand European war brides who immigrated to Canada following the war.

On May 8, 1945, Canadian troops liberated Amsterdam. An officer with a Canadian transport company issued a report on the chaos that ensued: "It is impossible to describe the scene…. People … were wild with joy. All the buildings had flags and banners draped on them, the people were carrying flowers, flags, streamers. People started to climb onto the vehicles." Captain T.J. Allen, the historical officer of the 1st Canadian Division, later wrote of the liberation, "Thousands lined the roads and blocked the way through the towns, to laugh, to shout, to weep."

On the return flight to Canada, I think back to a conversation I had with Colonel Timothy Young, a veteran of tours in Bosnia and Afghanistan and the current Canadian Armed Forces attaché to the Netherlands. As we stood before the Canadian war memorial at Walcheren's Sloedam causeway, I asked whether he is surprised at how vigorously the Dutch work at keeping the memory of the liberation alive.

"Freedom means something very different to Dutch youth, and to the Dutch in general, than in Canada, because our freedom has not been taken away from us," Young said. "One thing I say to a lot of Canadians who come to the Netherlands — to truly understand Canadian history, you have to leave Canada. It's when you see the commemoration events in Sloedam and at Bergen op Zoom, you will see the extent that the Canadians went to, to fight for the freedom of the Netherlands. It's hard for us to get that message back to Canada. That's what we need to share."

Historical quotations and anecdotes were drawn from several sources, including *A Liberation Album: Canadians In the Netherlands 1944–45*, by David Kaufman and Michiel Horn, as well as CBC News archives and *The Canadian Encyclopedia*.

MARK REID

Dutch citizens wearing period dress re-enact the October 1944 liberation of Bergen op Zoom, Netherlands, during a commemoration parade in October 2019.

FREEDOM FESTS

Communities across the Netherlands will continue to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the liberation throughout the spring of 2020. Many cities and towns launched commemoration events last fall, as the country was actually liberated in stages between October 1944 and May 1945.

Canadians travelling to Holland for the festivities will have many options. Apeldoorn will host the Canadian Liberation Festival between May 9 and 10, which will include the Canadian Walk, retracing the steps of the Canadian liberators. The city is also offering two liberation tours, one by bicycle and another by coach (for more: Europeremembers.com/Experience/Canadian-Liberation-Festival-Apeldoorn/).

In the province of Brabant, Canadians are invited to experience the Dilemma Maze and to visit the Canadian War Cemetery at Bergen op Zoom.

The Brabant Remembers organization has also created seventy-five QR-code-based sites where visitors can explore stories from the war (for more information, go to: BrabantRemembers.nl). Meanwhile, the group Europe Remembers has created Liberation Route Europe, a three-thousand-kilometre travel route that visitors can follow, retracing the steps of the Allies from the D-Day beaches all the way to Germany. Travellers will encounter about two hundred "vectors" – a series of markers that tell war stories relating to each location (for more, go to: LiberationRoute.com).

Other cemeteries include the Canadian War Cemetery in Holten and the Canadian Military War Cemetery and Memorial in Groesbeek. As well, visitors can explore museums such as the Vrijheidsmuseum in Groesbeek, the Memory Vrijheidsmuseum in Nijverdal, and the newly expanded Liberation Museum Zeeland in Nieuwdorp. The latter two museums were started by single individuals with a passion for preserving artifacts from the Second World War. For more information about travelling to the Netherlands, contact Holland.com.

BEFORE TORONTO

CANADA'S LARGEST CITY IS REDISCOVERING ITS ANCIENT INDIGENOUS ROOTS.

BY BILL MOREAU

STAND AT THE CORNER OF YONGE AND BLOOR STREETS IN downtown Toronto, and you are surrounded by office buildings, condominium towers, concrete, traffic, and noise. The ground vibrates under your feet as subway trains travel through Canada's busiest public transit hub. On the northwest corner of the intersection, a silver plaque may catch your eye — it marks the site of the potter's field where some 6,700 inhabitants of nineteenth-century Muddy York, as it was disdainfully dubbed, were once interred. But there are buried stories here that are much, much older still. Indeed, Louis Lesage, a descendant of the earliest inhabitants, said the powerful and prosperous metropolis of today is "the continuation of what our ancestors identified."

The Toronto area was occupied by Lesage's ancestors, an Iroquoian people called the Wendat. "People populated this landscape some ten thousand years ago," said archaeologist Ron Williamson, adding that the Wendat civilization "developed here, in this place."

Canadian archaeologist Peter Ramsden has calculated that there is a greater density of prehistoric sites in southern Ontario than in early neolithic southern Britain or the Valley of Mexico. Indeed, some ninety pre-contact First Nations villages and mass-burial sites have been located within a forty-kilometre radius of Yonge and Bloor. But contemporary Torontonians have remained largely unaware of the rich world that is literally beneath their feet. Now, thanks to the determined work of archaeologists and historians, the passage of pioneering legislation, and the activism of the descendants of those original village dwellers, the texture of ancient Toronto is emerging from the landscape.

The Wendat who occupied these pre-contact sites arose from proto-Wendat ancestors in southern Ontario a thousand years ago. By the year 1300 this nation, also commonly known as the Huron, exemplified the typical ingredients of Iroquoian culture: agrarian settlements composed of several longhouses, reliance on a maize-based diet, and a matrilineal clan system. (The Iroquois, or Haudenosaunee, indigenous to New York State, are another branch of the larger Iroquoian family.) Another cultural feature specific to the Wendat is the periodic disinterment and mass reburial of the community's dead in pits called ossuaries, which often contained the remains of several hundred individuals.

During their six-hundred-year presence in what is now the Greater Toronto Area, Wendat people established villages along Duffins Creek as well as the Rouge, Don, and Humber rivers and their tributaries. These settlements were usually built on easily defensible sites, often enclosed by a wooden palisade, and were surrounded by an extensive system of cultivated maize fields. Every fifteen to twenty years, as wood became scarce and nutrients in the soil were depleted, villages would be abandoned and reconstituted nearby, often joining together with nearby Wendat communities to establish larger and larger settlements. At the height of their power in the sixteenth century, the Wendat of south-central Ontario numbered in the tens of thousands and were a formidable nation.

Allied Wendat clans also inhabited the lands south of Lake Huron's Georgian Bay, about 150 kilometres north of Toronto. Under the pressure of conflict with the Haudenosaunee, their long-standing adversaries, the Wendat of Toronto began to

OPPOSITE PAGE: ARTWORK BY LEWIS PARKER. USED BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST'S FAMILY.

Huron Daily Life, by Lewis Parker.

migrate north to join these groups, finally relocating en masse in about 1600. By the time French explorers Étienne Brûlé and Samuel de Champlain entered what is now Ontario, the remains of Wendat villages and fields in the Toronto region had already begun to decay and to become overgrown.

In their home by Georgian Bay, Wendat clans received French Jesuit missionaries before experiencing a series of apocalyptic episodes. During the 1630s and 1640s disease, famine, and war, primarily with the Haudenosaunee, reduced the tribal population by half, and by 1650 the surviving Wendat of Ontario chose to relocate. Different groups went separate ways, and over time Wendat came to settle in descendant communities as far afield as what are now Michigan, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Quebec. Over the next few generations, the Toronto area was home to Seneca (members of the Haudenosaunee Confederacy) and Anishinaabe peoples. The extent of the Wendat's disappearance from the area is evidenced in the fact that the British Crown negotiated the 1787 Toronto Purchase not with an Iroquoian people but with an Anishinaabe First Nation, the Mississaugas of New Credit.

Wendat villages were established near watercourses and amidst fertile soil, so it is not surprising that as pioneering European settlers cleared and prepared fields for cultivation in the late-eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries (in many cases returning these lands to agricultural purposes) they often unearthed Indigenous artifacts and ossuaries. Such discoveries continued to be made throughout the nineteenth century.

Settler farming practices probably had minimal effects on most Wendat sites; but irreversible and large-scale damage to Toronto's Indigenous heritage occurred throughout the twentieth century, as the region became ever more urbanized. The Jackes Site, near present-day Avenue Road and Eglinton Avenue in midtown Toronto, which had been identified as the location of a First Nations village in 1887, is a prime example. It was first subject to decades of looting — in the early twentieth century "digging bees," social outings with the main purpose of finding old artifacts, were a popular pastime — before finally being destroyed by urban development in the 1930s. This loss of heritage accelerated after the Second World War, as Toronto expanded rapidly into the agricultural lands surrounding the city. Williamson, founder of Archaeological Services Inc. and the leading authority on Toronto's Wendat sites, said that "between 1951 and 1991 some eight thousand Indigenous archaeological features were destroyed in the Greater Toronto Area," a number that includes everything from small ancient campsites to entire villages.

As the scale of this destruction became apparent, the Ontario provincial government began to take legislative action. Beginning in 1975, several laws were passed or amended to govern the handling of the province's archaeological resources. These acts, including the *Heritage Act*, *Municipal Act*, and *Planning Act*, provide North America's strongest legal framework for managing heritage, holding archaeologists to professional standards, and mandating that all proposed development undergo archaeological assessment. Where significant archaeological remains are found, a site must be completely excavated and documented, and artifacts removed, before development can continue.

Provincial legislation has enabled the intensive study of

Unearth Remains of Indian Encampment Within City Limits

VACANT LOT IN TORONTO YIELDS RELICS OF RED MEN

Pottery, Flints and Bones are Unearthed North of Eglinton Ave. —Brought to Light by Chance, They Shed

INDIAN RELICS SEE LIGHT OF DAY AFTER BURIAL HUNDREDS OF YEARS

A *Toronto Daily Star* article from 1925 highlights the common practice of ordinary citizens, as well as archaeologists, simply digging up and looting Wendat sites in the city.

CITY OF TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY/TORONTO DAILY STAR

several ancestral Wendat villages in the Toronto area. This process began in the mid-1970s with sites that were due to be paved over for the Pickering airport — a construction project that was later suspended — and it continues to the present day, mainly because of the building of new residential subdivisions and industrial parks on the ever-expanding fringe of the metropolis.

These digs have unearthed millions of artifacts, such as decorated ceramic vessels, some bearing haunting images of human faces on their rims, effigy pipes in the form of owls, woodpeckers, and turtles, bone needles, and antler combs, in addition to human remains. On the surface, though, a Wendat village site presents little even to the trained eye, and the interpretation of the excavated remnants is a subtle art.

While clay, stone, and bone objects survive, built structures have long since rotted away, leaving archaeologists to reconstruct village plans largely from discoloured patches of earth called post moulds, where the wood of a palisade or a longhouse wall has decomposed. Jennifer Birch, a professor of anthropology at the University of Georgia, has participated in several of these digs, including at the massive early sixteenth-century Mantle Site near Stouffville, northeast of Toronto. She calls the excavation of Iroquoian villages "the archaeology of 'this dirt looks slightly different than that dirt.'"

Because the written history of the Wendat dates only from the arrival of Europeans, archaeologists have had to use immense ingenuity to learn the lessons left at these villages and ossuaries. The data that have been amassed over the past forty years have allowed the story of Wendat Toronto to emerge, piece by piece. "Salvage" excavations are carried out when an entire site will be obliterated by development — for example, by a subdivision, an industrial park, or a highway. These excavations enable researchers to construct full village plans, like street maps of the settlement.

Researchers are then able to determine where artifacts were left on the site — for example, within a dwelling, in a garbage heap, or beyond the palisades. Analysis of post moulds can indicate the lifespan of individual longhouses, the expansion and contraction of settlements, and the presence of defensive palisades. Study of ceramic and stone artifacts can indicate cultural affiliations and trading relationships with other First Nations, while the presence of butchered and burned human bones can suggest histories of warfare and torture. The cataloguing of plant and animal remains, and analysis of human teeth, can reveal the components of the village diet. Radiocarbon dating of organic remains, together with a comparison of the relative sizes and locations of villages, suggests how smaller groups of Wendat coalesced into larger and more organized communities over time. While many questions remain unanswered — for instance, researchers are not always sure who was in conflict with whom — these excavations have built a dense body of scholarship about the history and culture of Wendat Toronto.

But one voice has long remained unheard: that of the descendant Wendat themselves. Because the Wendat had been absent from the north shore of Lake Ontario since before the arrival of

A site plan depicts the Alexandra archaeological site, a former Wendat settlement in present-day Scarborough, Ontario.

Europeans, and their place had been taken over by other First Nations, there has been persistent confusion about just whose artifacts were being unearthed, an uncertainty that endured well into the twentieth century. When the fourteenth-century Tabor Hill Ossuary was uncovered during the building of a subdivision in suburban Scarborough in 1956, there was extensive collaboration among the municipality, the Royal Ontario Museum, and the Haudenosaunee Six Nations Iroquois, resulting in the reburial of the human remains and the memorialization of the site. But, as Williamson noted, "they were talking to the wrong people," for the bones that the Haudenosaunee reburied in fact belonged to their ancestors' foes.

In recent years the Wendat, though relocated in various places, have taken an ever-greater interest in their ancestral territories. This is especially the case for the one Canadian descendant community, the Huron-Wendat Nation, based on a reserve at Wendake in suburban Quebec City. Louis Lesage is the director of the Huron-Wendat Nionwentsïo office, a body that is responsible for all that touches the nation's territory. "There is an immense heritage in Wendake Sud [South]," said Lesage, using the name the Wendat apply to the lands their ancestors once inhabited in southern Ontario, "and we have taken on the responsibility to protect our heritage."

In 2006 an Ontario court affirmed that the Huron-Wendat Nation must be consulted whenever proposed developments

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Top left: Archaeologists at the Alexandra Site near Scarborough, Ontario, stake out the dimensions of a Wendat longhouse and its subsequent extensions. Top right: Wendat and local representatives take part in the dedication of a plaque at the Mantle Site in Stouffville, northeast of Toronto. Centre: An owl effigy that was part of a Wendat clay pipe. Centre right: A stone projectile point from the Mantle Site. Above left: A Wendat clay smoking pipe as it was found on the Alexandra Site. Above right: A Turtle Clan longhouse stands on the Wendat heritage site in the Crawford Lake Conservation Area southeast of Toronto.

touch on an ancestral Wendat site. Williamson points to the 2005 rediscovery of the Teston Ossuary in Vaughan, Ontario, as a moment of awakening for the Wendat in retaking ownership of their history in the Toronto area. When work crews disturbed the burial site while widening a road, there was immediate collaboration between the municipality and the Wendat; the road allowance was shifted, and the ossuary was left largely undisturbed.

Then, in 2013, the remains of more than 1,600 ancestors from previously excavated ossuaries, which had been sitting in boxes at the University of Toronto for as long as sixty years, were repatriated to the Kleinburg Ossuary in Vaughan, north of Toronto, in a ceremony involving Wendat from several descendant communities. The Huron-Wendat Nation now sends a *surveillant* — an overseer — to represent the interests of the nation at every excavation of an ancestral site. In this way the Wendat have re-entered their own history as active subjects, rather than mere objects of study.

The return of the Wendat to their ancestral villages and ossuaries has brought new perspectives to the practice of archaeology itself. While much has been learned about Wendat history, this increased knowledge has come at an immense cost: the complete obliteration of the remains of several villages. As Birch said, "When you do a full excavation, you get one-hundred-per-cent recovery, but you also have one-hundred-per-cent destruction" — and nothing in Ontario legislation mandates that an archaeological site *not* be excavated. Some of these "stripped" sites have been integrated into parks and publicly memorialized, like the fourteenth-century Alexandra Site in north Scarborough, east of Toronto. Others, though, have been wiped away entirely, such as the fifteenth-century Keffer Site, which sits unmarked beneath a Vaughan industrial unit.

For the Huron-Wendat, these sites are sacred places where

CENTRE IMAGE: COURTESY OF ASI ARCHAEOLOGICAL SERVICES INC./LAUREL DAUGHERTY. BOTTOM RIGHT: CONSERVATION HALTON. ALL OTHER IMAGES: COURTESY OF ASI ARCHAEOLOGICAL SERVICES INC.

the spirits of their ancestors still reside. Their council at Wendake has passed a resolution that no new salvage excavations should take place, preferring instead that sites be preserved in the ground. Lesage said while an exception might be made if there is a significant opportunity to learn more about a period that is not well-documented, "*we* would like to make that decision."

The non-Wendat archaeologists Williamson and Birch concur. Williamson points out that in the decade from 2000 to 2010 the remains of more than 250 longhouses — structures central to Wendat social, cultural, and spiritual life — have been destroyed through excavation. For her part, Birch said, "I would find it hard to justify stripping a site for purely academic interest."

For Williamson, the solution lies at the municipal level, where actual planning decisions are made. "When you have a municipal archaeological master plan, and can identify potential sites early on in the planning process," he said, "you have a much greater possibility of protecting the site."

Another weakness in Ontario's legislation concerns the legacy of these excavations. Birch laments that archaeologists are under no obligation to share their findings, whether through public education or the publication of research. Likewise, there is no legislation to cover what happens to excavated artifacts. Williamson estimates that there are some twenty thousand bankers boxes of objects scattered about Ontario in university departments, warehouses, and even private homes, where they are largely inaccessible to academic researchers or to the descendants of the people who created them. What is needed, Williamson argues, is a legacy collection, run in collaboration with First Nations, where this cultural resource can be made available to researchers and the public.

On the east bank of the Humber River, adjacent to the Kleinburg Ossuary, sits the Skandatut Site. This settlement, inhabited in the late-sixteenth century, is perhaps the most extensive and significant site to have remained largely undisturbed. Williamson believes that it may even be the place to which the Wendat decided to retreat from the Toronto area at the turn of the seventeenth century. By the turn of the twenty-first century, the site, like so many others, was slated for urban development. A full salvage excavation had already begun in 2010, when lawyers for the Huron-Wendat Nation successfully petitioned the courts to halt all archaeological work on the site.

After negotiations among the municipality, the province, the property owner, and the Wendat, a deal was announced in 2012 to protect and to preserve Skandatut. While the property remains in the hands of a developer for the moment, details are being worked out to ensure its transfer to a public agency. Katrina Guy, the city of Vaughan's cultural heritage coordinator, affirmed the vision for the site: The unexcavated Skandatut village site, the Humber River, and the Kleinburg Ossuary will together form a "cultural heritage landscape" that will forever preserve a piece of Wendat Toronto for future generations. "With Skandatut," said Guy, "we have a unique chance to provide continuity in the landscape. We can't stop change, but we can connect to the natural and human heritage."

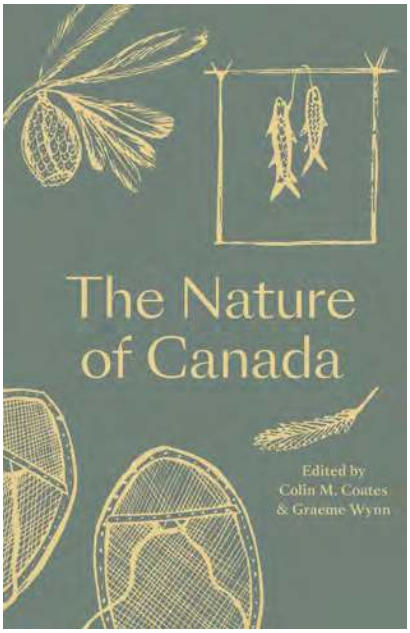
These beads made from shell, bone, and stone emerged at the Skandatut Site in Vaughan, Ontario.

COURTESY OF ASI ARCHAEOLOGICAL SERVICES INC.

Why does any of this matter? Both Birch and Williamson became interested in archaeology when they came to appreciate the antiquity of human presence in southern Ontario, a fact that still has the power to surprise the public. When Canadians understand that history did not begin with the arrival of French explorers, but that people have been here for at least ten thousand years, their perspectives are broadened. As Williamson put it, "we have a responsibility to the ancestral landscape, which is alive in many ways."

In a sense, Wendat civilization presaged the contemporary city. For example, the ceramics collected from the Mantle Site originated from throughout the Iroquoian world, from the St. Lawrence River to upstate New York, arriving there through trade and the movement of peoples. This collection prompted William Engelbrecht, a professor at The State University of New York at Buffalo, to comment, "It's like Toronto before Toronto."

Speaking for the Huron-Wendat, Louis Lesage notes that Toronto is the largest, most prosperous, and most cosmopolitan city in Canada, and he draws a lesson for its current inhabitants: "It takes water, land, and natural resources to support such a city, and our ancestors were able to identify the best place to settle, and so they became a prosperous nation. We found a place where we could develop a true civilization, and the city of Toronto is the continuation of what our ancestors identified." He continues: "We would like those who live in Toronto, and immigrants who go to Toronto, to know that this enormous, diverse city is there thanks to another civilization that preceded it."



ENVIRONMENTAL IDENTITIES

The Nature of Canada

edited by Colin M. Coates and Graeme Wynn
On Point Press, 384 pages, $29.95

A sea of basketball fans chanting "We the North!" Activist Greta Thunberg marching with a crowd half a million strong down the streets of Montreal. Instagram devotees trampling an Ontario sunflower farm in search of the perfect selfie. Indigenous protesters, arm in arm, standing up against the Kinder Morgan Trans Mountain Pipeline.

We all relate to the natural world that surrounds us in different ways. Stories like these dominate our news cycle. We stand with hands over hearts and sing, "the True North, strong and free." Our environment is a part of us, our way of life — our national identity itself. In *The Nature of Canada*, editors Colin M. Coates and Graeme Wynn examine this core relationship between humans and nature. Each essay in this collection carefully considers a different angle, a new complexity: How has this relationship changed over time — and to what end? They suggest that, if we slow down and look back, perhaps we may discover a way to move forward. In the editors' words, "The futures of Canada, of Canadians, of humankind, and of the only world we have are at stake."

Dwelling on the state of our natural environment can be overwhelming. Concerned citizens across the world are being diagnosed with "eco-anxiety," a mental disorder fuelled by fears over the consequences of pollution and climate change. In some ways, this feeling is nothing new. Do we dominate nature, or does it dominate us?

Different writers touch on these emotions in various historic contexts. In "Nature and Nation," Wynn explores the fear and fascination held by early European settlers towards the "new" world. Farmers in Upper Canada, as he notes, struggled to "vanquish their vegetative enemy," attempting to adapt an unruly environment to their agricultural purposes. Meanwhile, in her essay "The Wealth of Wilderness," Claire E. Campbell asks, is the Canadian wilderness to be enjoyed or survived?

This leads to a common thread that is woven through many essays: the opposing forces of ecology and economics. We witness the "inexhaustible manna" of cod, the intoxicating allure of the beaver pelt, the transformative rise of agrarianism and mining. While I wondered if the discussion would be oversimplified or morally tinged, reducing choices to either good or bad, the scholars contributing to this collection approach the commodification of the natural world with the complexity it deserves. They take the time to demonstrate the perspectives of human actors in their unique contexts, but, importantly, they don't shy away from the consequences.

Where *The Nature of Canada* especially shines is in its spotlighting of overlooked voices. One of the most evocative discussions found in these pages is Wynn's explication of Bonnie Devine's art installation *Battle for the Woodlands* — an Indigenous renegotiation and retelling of a famous colonial map of Canada. The essay "Listening for Different Voices," by Julie Cruikshank, reveals the Indigenous world view of there being a connection between all living things. Even the most enormous, seemingly immovable features of the earth — like glaciers — are given agency in Indigenous traditions, including the ability to respond to humans.

At times, these scholars allow nature to speak for itself, allowing the evidence of the earth to state its case. Pathogens we cannot see — from cholera to SARS — have had dramatic effects on human history. The movements of the earth's crust millennia ago reverberate into today's landscape. Invasive species and evolutionary micro-adaptations enter the scene, all working to circumvent human intentions. We are reminded that nature operates on scales we often do not consider, from the local to the global. It brings us back to the intention of this collection: This is a history of a relationship.

The Nature of Canada is a critical and timely book. Now, more than ever, we must pay attention. In April 2019, Environment and Climate Change Canada released a report that declared, in no uncertain terms, that Canada's future is in environmental crisis. We are warming at twice the global rate. We need writing like this — engaged and galvanizing but not alarmist — that breaks down the boundary between scholars and the public, showing us a broad vision of Canada that we all can understand and fight for.

For the climate-concerned, sustainability minded citizen, this book is a clear must-have — but, dare I say, it should also be required reading in our

classrooms. *The Nature of Canada* will equip the next generation of Canadians, providing hope that they might avoid the mistakes of our shared past.

Reviewed by **Sharon Hanna**, editor of regional history at Biblioasis press in Windsor, Ontario.

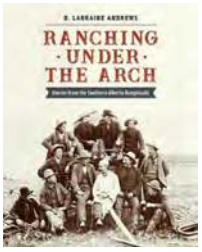
GRASSLAND VENTURES

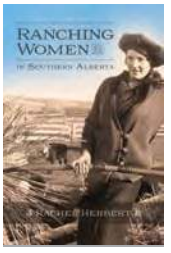
Ranching Under the Arch: Stories from the Southern Alberta Rangelands

by D. Larraine Andrews
Heritage House, 320 pages, $29.95

Ranching Women in Southern Alberta

by Rachel Herbert
University of Calgary Press,
212 pages, $29.95





Following two brutal winters, the romance of open-range ranching in southern Alberta died a quick and painful death. What seemed like a golden opportunity for ranchers in the 1880s — ample water, abundant native grass, generous grazing leases, and the chinook with its arch cloud formation and its warm winds — soured when the chinook winds failed to arrive in the winters of 1886–87 and 1906–7.

The bitter cold and deep snow proved disastrous for cattle. It's estimated that the various herds roaming southern Alberta lost upwards of eighty and ninety per cent of their numbers over those respective winters. By 1912, open-range ranching was dead — as were many ranches, including some of the large corporate outfits.

The ranches that survived, however, were often small, family-run affairs that had adapted to the realities of ranching in southern Alberta by adopting farming practices, such as the use of fences and growing winter feed for cattle, and by embracing principles of conservation and stewardship.

Drawing from letters, diaries, books, and interviews, D. Larraine Andrews explores the history of ranching in southern Alberta in *Ranching under the Arch: Stories from the Southern Alberta Rangelands*. She tells the stories of seven founding ranches that are still operating today, including the McIntyre Ranch, the Midway Ranch, and the Waldron Grazing Co-operative.

Along with the history of these ranches, Andrews also explores how ranching in southern Alberta began, how it differs from ranching in other regions, and how it influenced Alberta's history, economy, culture, identity, and environment.

Ranching started in Texas after the Spanish introduced cattle to North America in the 1500s, moving northwest and changing as it went, until, once in Canada, it grew into something distinctive. "In reality it represented a uniquely hybrid combination of Old and New World culture, skill and expertise, heavily influenced by American, British and Eastern Canadian know-how and adapted to a frontier environment that demanded adaptation for survival," writes Andrews.

In a remarkable story — of a group of people and a landscape — that helps to explain southern Alberta's uniqueness, Andrews makes it clear that the land and the people cannot be separated. "They made the rangelands their home," she writes, "conserving and preserving the land for generations to come. In the process, they were instrumental in establishing the vibrant and successful ranching industry that remains a fundamental part of our history and our future as a province."

The influence ranchers had on southern Alberta can be seen in many examples, such as the Calgary Stampede, established in 1912 to honour the end of open-range ranching, and the preservation of vast swaths of Alberta's native rough fescue grasslands. Today, the 160,000-acre (65,000-hectare) McIntyre Ranch — founded in southeastern Alberta in 1894 — is home to the largest tract of fescue grassland in North America.

While the story of ranching in southern Alberta is very much about people in a place, it would be wrong to assume that all the people in this beautifully illustrated story are male. Women — some of whom arrived from the city with little idea of what lay before them, and others, born into multi-generational ranching families, who learned at a young age how to ride and to rope — had a profound effect on ranching in southern Alberta and refused to allow the conventions of the time to dictate the work they did.

Theirs are remarkable stories in what is already a remarkable story. While Andrews provides rich insights into the lives of ranching women, she can only go so far, given the scope of her book. But that is where Rachel Herbert comes in with her book *Ranching Women in Southern Alberta*.

The two books share the same geographical and historical landscape, but Herbert — one of Andrews' subjects and sources — offers a detailed history and analysis of the role women played on Alberta ranches. It was a role that, Herbert discovered, had not been well-documented.

"Ranching women were largely invisible," she writes. "The early women who helped to settle the province had homesteaded and farmed, I read; they fed threshing crews, grew gardens, and raised large families. But what of my great-aunt Mary, who taught me to work a cow from horseback when I was eleven and she was eighty?"

In making this history visible, Herbert presents a carefully researched and thoughtful history of ranching women that is informed by her own experience. The women she features, including members of her own family, could do it all — and, in the process, they erased the line between men's and women's work.

Together, *Ranching Under the Arch* and *Ranching Women in Southern*

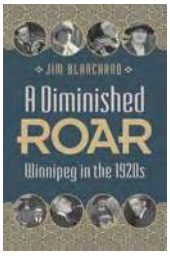
Alberta share one of Alberta's foundational stories while highlighting the roles of women and their influence on the province's ranching history.

Reviewed by **Rob Alexander,** a Calgary-based writer and historian who is the author of *The History of Canmore* (Summerthought Publishing).

GATEWAY CITY

A Diminished Roar: Winnipeg in the 1920s

by Jim Blanchard
University of Manitoba Press,
304 pages, $27.95



Before Neil Young or the Guess Who, before the Jets and the city-wide "white-outs" in the National Hockey League playoffs, Winnipeg in the 1920s was internationally known for … the Pines to Palm tour? For a short time, yes.

Winnipeg enjoyed phenomenal growth in the early 1900s and famously became known as the "Chicago of the North." The young city was an economic powerhouse, a place where people came to make money.

By the 1920s, however, civic and business leaders were struggling to maintain the city's prosperity in the aftermath of the Great War, the influenza pandemic, and the Winnipeg General Strike. Winnipeg was plagued by political deadlock, unemployment and underemployment, a shortage of affordable housing, and lingering postwar xenophobia, among other chronic problems.

This city is the "Gateway to the West" through which readers are invited to step in *A Diminished Roar: Winnipeg in the 1920s*, the third volume in Jim Blanchard's trilogy on the early history of Winnipeg, after *Winnipeg 1912* and *Winnipeg's Great War*.

Blanchard, a retired academic librarian and librarian emeritus at the University of Manitoba, depicts the decade from the grand opening of the new Golden Boy-topped Manitoba legislative building in 1920 to the completion in 1930 of Memorial Boulevard just to the north, a period during which Winnipeg was Canada's third-largest city.

In the early 1920s, Winnipeg was caught in a mini-depression: "The first half of the decade was a time of recession," writes Blanchard. "Canada and cities like Winnipeg suffered from the after-effects of the Great War." They were anxious times, but there's optimism to be found within these pages, all the same.

One of the most ambitious of the city's boosters was Colonel Ralph Webb, mayor of Winnipeg from 1925 to 1927 and from 1930 to 1934. Webb was a First World War veteran who had lost a leg in a shell blast on the Western Front. He tied off his artery with a shoelace and reportedly tossed the severed limb to the soldiers under his command, saying, "Boys, I won't be needing this again."

Thanks to Mayor Webb's efforts, Winnipeg briefly became more closely associated with another American city, one farther south than Chicago. In 1926 Webb organized the Pines to Palm automobile tour from Winnipeg to New Orleans. It was meant to attract American tourists — both people living along the highways and others reading newspapers — who might like to sample Winnipeg's "snowballs and highballs" during prohibition in the United States. The publicity stunt was such a success that, when he arrived in New Orleans, Webb was offered the job of tourism chief by that city's mayor.

A Diminished Roar reveals other colourful events — from the dazzling, one-off Winnipeg Winter Carnival that attracted sixty-five thousand people in 1922 to journalist Betty Vincent's *Winnipeg Tribune* advice column "Problems of the Heart," which provided guidance to young love-struck readers.

Blanchard has a talent for putting his readers' boots on the snowy ground and letting them see life as it was in the Jazz Age. While his narrative is crowded with members of Winnipeg's elite — banker and investor Augustus Nanton, grocery wholesaler George Galt, and business leader and airline pioneer James Richardson, among others — the author excels when he tells the stories of regular citizens while framing them in the context of the era's events and trends.

A Diminished Roar is richly illustrated with historical photographs, including several by Lewis Benjamin (L.B.) Foote, the leading local photographer of his day. But the most stunning photographs in the book are those taken by amateur street photographer Peter McAdam, a barber in downtown Winnipeg who would step outside of his shop between haircuts to capture ordinary people as they came and went in the 1920s and 1930s.

Reviewed by **Nigel Moore**, a Winnipeg writer and history fan who has never been to New Orleans, by car or otherwise.

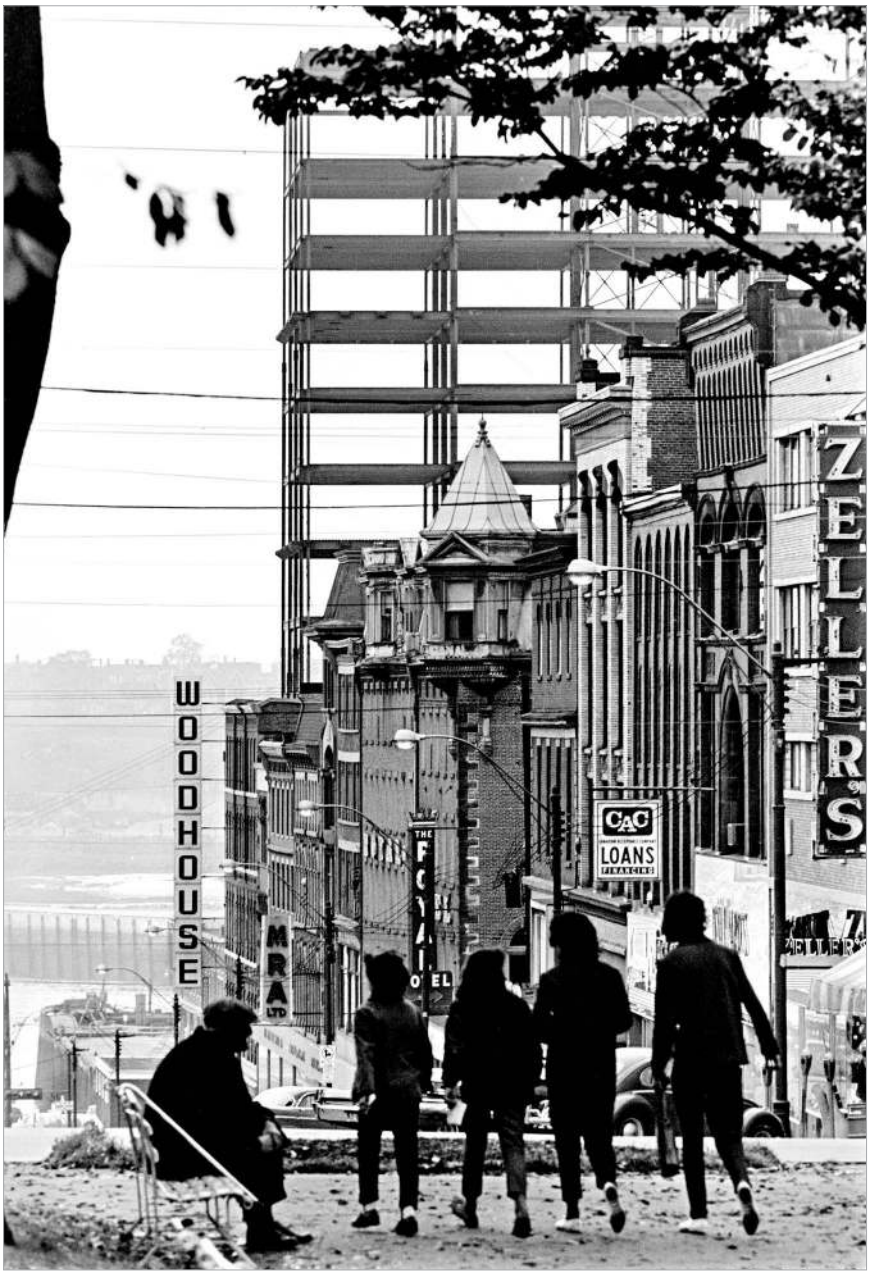
MORE BOOKS

Through the Mill: Girls and Women in the Quebec Cotton Textile Industry, 1881–1951
by Gail Cuthbert Brandt
Baraka Books, 324 pages, $29.95

Quebec was a centre of cotton textile manufacturing from 1880 until the industry's demise in the late 1990s. Gail Cuthbert Brandt's book *Through the Mill* is based on oral interviews with eighty-four women who lived and worked in the Quebec cities of Salaberry-de-Valleyfield and Magog.

Women and girls often made up half of the total workforce at Quebec mills. Many of them were under the age of eighteen, and most of them were French Canadians who followed in the footsteps of family members. "It was not uncommon for a single family to contribute well over a hundred years of service to a textile company," Cuthbert Brandt notes.

Unsafe, noisy, and dirty working



FINDING VITALITY This photograph, entitled "New Building, from King's Square, 1965," appears in the book *The Lost City: Ian MacEachern's Photographs of Saint John*, by John Leroux (Goose Lane Editions, 176 pages, $35). The images made by MacEachern in the 1960s and early 1970s reveal Saint John, New Brunswick, as a hardscrabble city populated by remarkable people while undergoing significant physical and social transformations. Leroux, an architect and art historian, selected dozens of black-and-white photographs that, he writes, tell something about "a Saint John that was tired but full of energy; decaying but full of life."

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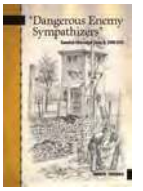
conditions, long hours, plus sexual harassment and favouritism led to the rise of unions for mill workers.

Cuthbert Brandt holds a Ph.D. in history and specializes in the histories of Quebec and of Canadian women. Her book is written in a scholarly manner, and it benefits from including the words and perspectives of the women who were interviewed. A number of black-and-white photographs help to tell the stories of these hard-working women. — *Beverley Tallon*

"Dangerous Enemy Sympathizers": Canadian Internment Camp B, 1940–1945

by Andrew Theobald
NBMHC/Goose Lane, 180 pages, $18.95



When the Second World War began in 1939, no one would have expected that Canada, of all places, would become home to hundreds of individuals deemed to be "dangerous enemy sympathizers." Yet in 1940, hidden by the woods some thirty-five kilometres east of Fredericton, New Brunswick, Internment Camp B was established by the Canadian government.

In *"Dangerous Enemy Sympathizers"*, Trent University professor Andrew Theobald explores a dark chapter of Canadian history, illuminating the daily lives of the incarcerated German and Austrian Jewish refugees who lived within the barbed fences of Camp B. Theobald also investigates the conditions that led to the internment of both refugees and Canadian citizens, the debates regarding the ethics of internment, and the major role internment camps played in shaping postwar government immigration policies.

The story is told from various perspectives and is aided by numerous illustrations and photographs. *"Dangerous Enemy Sympathizers"* is a quick read that, while less than two hundred pages, develops Theobald's extensive research about Camp B and the people imprisoned within it. — *Chinemerem Chigbo*

Nature, Place, and Story: Rethinking Historical Sites in Canada

by Claire Elizabeth Campbell
McGill-Queen's University Press,
222 pages, $34.95

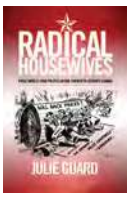
In *Nature, Place, and Story*, environmental historian Claire Campbell reframes the histories of National Historic Sites in Canada by shift-

ing the focus from the nation-building narrative Canadians are used to seeing at these sites. In emphasizing the relationship between humans and the natural environment, she reminds readers that historic sites are not meant to be islands of time or space, or a "break from the everyday" (in the words of Parks Canada), but, instead, "a mirror *to* our every day."

Campbell, a Canadian historian working as an associate professor at Bucknell University in Philadelphia, notes that many museums and historic sites have failed to contextualize the environment in which they are situated.

Within her book, Campbell considers five well-known sites: Newfoundland and Labrador's L'Anse aux Meadows, Nova Scotia's Grand-Pré, Ontario's Fort William, Manitoba's The Forks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, and Alberta's Bar U Ranch. In doing so, she presents histories that incorporate the settler relationship with Indigenous lands and peoples while emphasizing what can be learned from considering the environment.
— *Jessica Knapp*

Radical Housewives: Price Wars and Food Politics in Mid-Twentieth-Century Canada
by Julie Guard
University of Toronto Press,
311 pages, $29.95



In *Radical Housewives*, University of Manitoba labour studies professor Julie Guard writes about the left-leaning Housewives Consumers Association, which pressured governments to lower prices on essential food items for Canadian families.

Active from 1937 until the early 1950s, the Housewives were spread across the country and gained wide support. Their biggest impact came during the Second World War, when the federal government implemented price controls for most goods. Once the war was over, they made the case that, if prices could be controlled during war, why couldn't this continue afterwards?

The organization succeeded in affecting many large, profiteering food corporations, and even children joined in with a boycott of candy bars in the late 1940s. But with the coming of the Cold War and a communist scare in Canada, the Housewives lost their legitimacy, Guard writes, because of "the intrusive surveillance work of the RCMP and its own official encouragement of anti-communists in the labour movement, the media, and the wider community."

Although there were communists among the Housewives, the group in fact included a broad spectrum of political ideas. In her book, Guard tells a fascinating story of this little-known but very influential movement in mid-twentieth-century Canada.
— *Joel Trono-Doerksen*

Wartime: The First World War in a Canadian Town
by Edward Butts
James Lorimer and Company,
280 pages, $29.95

In his book *Wartime*, Edward Butts writes about the experience of Guelph, Ontario, during the First World War as well as specific events that occurred in the city. Those events include a riot by students from the Ontario Agriculture College, a highly controversial military police raid on a Catholic seminary, and an attack on socialist organizers speaking out against the war.

Butts calls the raid on the seminary "an explosive controversy that would hit the front pages of newspapers from Halifax to Victoria." This event in a relatively small city furthered the divide between Catholics and Protestants throughout the country.

The author of more than twenty books on Canadian history, Butts has won several awards for his writing. *Wartime* received the Ontario Historical Society's J.J. Talman Award in 2019, and in this book he weaves personal narratives with larger historical themes. Although it is about the wartime experiences of one city, the book offers valuable insights into the country as a whole during one of its worst calamities.
— *Joel Trono-Derksen*

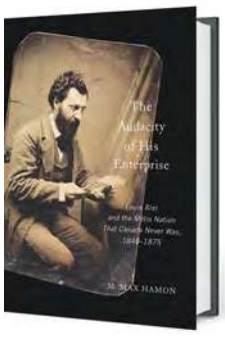
The Blind Mechanic: The Amazing Story of Eric Davidson, Survivor of the 1917 Halifax Explosion
by Marilyn Davidson Elliott
Nimbus Publishing, 206 pages, $19.95

The 1917 Halifax explosion killed almost two thousand people and injured thousands more. Eric Davidson was only two years old when he became a victim of the catastrophe.

On December 6, 1917, the toddler was playing by a window while watching a fire in the city's harbour that had been caused by a collision between two ships — the *Imo*, a Norwegian steamer, and the *Mont Blanc*, a French munitions freighter. Upon impact, the *Mont Blanc*'s "lethal cargo" ignited; it exploded about twenty minutes later, causing what author Marilyn Davidson Elliott calls "the worst disaster in Canadian history."

The shattering of glass resulted in the loss of both of Davidson's eyes. "In that moment, he was plunged into darkness for the rest of his life," writes Elliott. Although the boy's subsequent blindness created many challenges and setbacks, he did not let this stop him from achieving his goals. Davidson married and became a loving father to three children, a friend to many, and, most notably, a qualified auto mechanic.

Elliott is the daughter of this remarkable, modest man. Her book, *The Blind Mechanic*, is about his struggle to fit in to the "sighted" world and his many accomplishments in the wake of tragedy. It also tells the history of the Halifax explosion, including the ways the disaster affected many people's lives and the valiant work done by men and women in its aftermath.
— *Beverley Tallon*



The Audacity of His Enterprise

Louis Riel and the Métis Nation That Canada Never Was, 1840–1875

M. MAX HAMON

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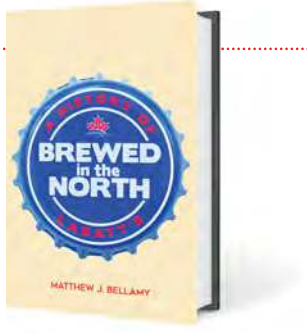

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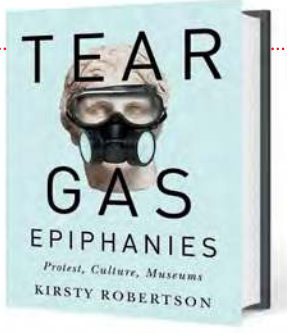

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Hikers navigate the scree-filled terrain of the Chilkoot Trail.

Conquering the Chilkoot

Daunting trek brings history to life. *by Kaitlin Vitt*

The misty mountain air is deceiving. Looking back, you can't check if anyone is catching up to you. Looking ahead, you can't see how far you have left to climb. Plus, you can't tell what time of day it is — it could be 1:00 a.m., it could be 1:00 p.m. — and therefore you have no indication of how long ago you started your day.

But none of that matters. While on a major trek like the Chilkoot Trail, which runs fifty-three kilometres from Dyea, Alaska, to Bennett, B.C., you're reminded to stay in the moment. The time of day, how long something will take, and socializing with others aren't priorities. Instead, you have only one task for the entire day: to hike. Or to climb while on the "golden stairs," which lead you to the summit of the trail. Less stairs and more like giant loose boulders, the golden stairs — only two kilometres long, yet perhaps the most difficult part of the hike — are both physically challenging and a mental test. As I crawled up the path, I would place my hand on a rock, about to pull myself up, and it would come crashing

Tent platforms are located away from the bear-proof bins where campers keep food.

KAITLIN VITT

down, starting a waterfall effect with the scree next to it and forcing me to choose a new route.

The Tlingit (Indigenous people of the Pacific Northwest) used the Chilkoot Trail as one of five trade routes to the inland, where they traded goods with interior First Nations and, later, with European and American traders. In the late 1890s, Klondike prospectors used the Chilkoot to make their way to the heart of the gold rush in Dawson City, Yukon, contracting many Tlingit — who knew the area well — to move their gear.

As I hiked along with a fourteen-kilogram pack on my back, I thought about the gold rush prospectors who once carried between twenty-two and thirty-six kilograms along this same route — multiple times. Waiting for them at the summit were the North West Mounted Police, who would only allow prospectors to cross into Canada if they had enough supplies to survive a year. About 521 kilograms of food per person was required. This meant prospectors made multiple trips, hired local packers, and used tramways to transport all necessary gear.

Prospectors, and their packers, risked their lives for good fortune, and many didn't survive. The single deadliest event of the Klondike Gold Rush happened on the Chilkoot Trail. On April 3, 1898, an avalanche occurred, and about sixty-five people died. Though the Tlingit knew the path and potential risks well, as the route became more popular with gold rushers, fewer Tlingit worked along the trail, meaning local knowledge of the trail was lost.

Seeking a sense of personal accomplishment, rather than gold, I hiked the Chilkoot with five others from July 28 to July 31 of 2019. We started the hike in the ghost town of Dyea, Alaska, and ended in Bennett, B.C., where we caught a train to take us back to Skagway, thirty minutes from Dyea.

From the trailhead, the path goes straight up, a good indicator of what is ahead — the hike is difficult, and though some people will say, "It gets easier," it's best not to get into that mindset — because it doesn't really get easier, especially as your body becomes more and more exhausted.

The first day we hiked 20.9 kilometres, staying overnight at Sheep Camp. The second day we hiked 12.1 kilometres to Happy Camp. The third day we hiked 13.7 kilometres to Bare Loon Lake, and on the fourth day 6.4 kilometres to Bennett, the end of the trail. There are eight campsite options on the trail, plus one at the end in Bennett. At each campground are designated tent platforms, which are located away from the bear-proof bins where you must keep all food, cooking tools, and toiletries.

The trail is a living museum with gold rush artifacts lining the way. You'll see century-old shoes, cables, and transport infrastructure, like boat and tram ruins. Plus, the landscape constantly changes — from rainforest, to mountain range, to desert — introducing you to different flora along the way.

It's hard to imagine that points along this trail were once bustling spots. During the gold rush prospectors set up camps that eventually grew into small settlements. For example, Sheep Camp, where, along with twenty to forty other hikers we set up our tents and gathered in the communal cooking area to make small talk, was once filled with restaurants, hotels, doctor's offices, saloons, and dance halls.

It's also hard to imagine completing this hike without modern conveniences — hiking boots for water, snow, and sand — ibuprofen for your sore muscles, and the option to hike the trail for pleasure, rather than for necessity.

Top: Prospectors climb the Chilkoot Pass in 1898. Above: Artifacts from the gold rush, including tools and shoes are strewn along the trail.

TOP: EDWIN TAPPAN ADNEY © MCCORD MUSEUM. BOTTOM: KAITLIN VITT

A family in Winnipeg enjoys an HBC department store's display of mechanical toys in 1961.

In Good Company

As the HBC's 350th anniversary approaches, we invite readers to share their memories of North America's oldest company. *by Janet Walker*

History is about people. Here at Canada's History Society, we also believe it's about fostering inclusion, mutual success, and a collective ambition to share, to listen, to remember, and to understand.

The Hudson's Bay Company was chartered on May 2, 1670, when King Charles II granted exclusive trading rights of the Hudson Bay watershed to "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson Bay." The fledgling company entered into a complex and ancient trade system established by Indigenous peoples throughout the continent, and the enterprise flourished as European and Indigenous traders embarked on an unprecedented period of social, economic, and cultural exchange. Over the next three centuries, the HBC grew into a fur-trading giant and a global fashion retailer. Today it remains the oldest corporation in North America.

Yet the real wealth of this daring endeavour lies not in land, and forts, and furs. The true bounty lies in the community of people whose legacy of insight, communication, courage and unyielding determination helped to shape our country.

You can hear their voices in the company records, ship logs, newsletters, and correspondence, now carefully preserved at the Hudson's Bay Company Archives in Winnipeg. You can find traces of their lives in the objects and artifacts in the Hudson's Bay Company Gallery at the Manitoba Museum in the same city.

Canada's History Society carries on the tradition of publishing *Canada's History* magazine, successor to *The Beaver*, an employee journal established by the HBC in 1920 to commemorate the company's 250th anniversary. While the magazine now operates independently, it remains committed to honouring its origins.

Together, these historical legacies are the HBC's gift to Canada and a window into our country's past.

From the earliest voyageurs, trappers, and traders, to governors, clerks, and conservationists, the HBC saga includes a storehouse of individual journeys, mapping an adventure of opportunity and change, of loneliness and hardship, of optimism and endurance.

Young George Fowlie, who joined the HBC in 1923 as an apprentice clerk, made the journey from Scotland to York Factory, where he worked with dogsled teams in the Nelson River district. Fowlie carefully preserved the handmade objects he acquired during his six years in the community, which were passed down to his daughter, Marjorie Medford. Since 2018, the pieces have been part of the Hudson's Bay Company Museum Collection.

In 1904, when Athabasca, in what is now Alberta, was struck by severe flooding, HBC mailman Billy Loutit was dispatched to Edmonton to get help. The Métis man ran more than 150 kilometres over flooded roads and undeveloped terrain to deliver the message. His great-granddaughter, Shannon Loutit, shared his story with us and relayed news of an annual reenactment of the run that takes place in Alberta.

As we mark 350 years of the HBC, we encourage you to share your personal historic connections to the company. Send us your HBC-related memories or family photos, and we will share them online at CanadasHistory.ca. Help us to commemorate the people of the HBC, whose contributions created richer and deeper connections among so many Canadians.

Send your recollections and/or digital photographs, plus contact information, to HBC350@CanadasHistory.ca. Please do not send original or valuable materials.

HBC ARCHIVES

Governor General's History Awards

Canada's National History Society is pleased to announce the recipients of the 2019 Governor General's History Awards. For more information, visit CanadasHistory.ca/Awards

Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Community Programming

100th Anniversary of the Death of Albert "Ginger" Goodwin
Cumberland Museum and Archives
Cumberland, British Columbia

1699–2018 : l'histoire d'une vie
Musée des Ursulines de Trois-Rivières
Trois-Rivières, Québec

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Governor General's History Award for Popular Media: The Pierre Berton Award

Sylvia D. Hamilton
Grand Pré, Nova Scotia

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Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Teaching

Robert Bell
Dundas Central Public School
Dundas, Ontario

David Brian and Stephen Punga
Académie Ste-Cécile International School
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Kayla Dallyn and Genevieve Soler
Exshaw School
Exshaw, Alberta

Heather Jefkins
Assiginack Public School
Manitowaning, Ontario

Jock Martin and Heather Ragot
St. John's-Ravenscourt School,
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Jean-Philippe Payer
École L'Odyssée
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Governor General's History Award for Scholarly Research

Shirley Tillotson
Give and Take: The Citizen-Taxpayer and the Rise of Canadian Democracy
Halifax, Nova Scotia

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Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Museums: History Alive!

Perspectives on Biodiversity – Sturgeon Harpoon Knowledge Web
Beaty Biodiversity Museum and the Musqueam First Nation
Vancouver, British Columbia

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Six fat rabbits

This photo of four men with their catch after a day's hunting is from my father's album. William Dow Sargeant — also known as Dow and Pastor Dow — was a minister in the United Missionary Church in Ontario and served in a number of rural appointments over the thirty-eight years of his career.

One of his parishes was near Markdale, Ontario, where he often went hunting with some of the parishioners. Dad is the second from the right, holding the shotgun. I don't know the identities of the others in the photo. On this winter's day in the early 1940s, with their hunting-licence badges clearly showing, Dad and his companions bagged six fat rabbits.

Doubtless some were added to the stewpot, as ministers in those days were not subsidized by the wider church and existed on the small offerings left on the collection plate. My mother once recounted that they lived one week on thirty-five cents, as that was all the congregation gave during the service. Our diets were sometimes augmented by donations from farmers in the congregation, although mother often commented that we lived on liver and heart meat.

Dad was not only a dedicated pastor but was also known as a skilled fly fisherman who could "catch trout in a mud puddle." He was a market gardener after he retired, continuing into the eighth decade of his life.

Submitted by John P. Sargeant of London, Ontario, the son of William Dow Sargeant.

Do you have a black-and-white or colour photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your photo to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Please provide a brief description of the photo, including its date and location, details about people appearing in the photograph, and further information about the event or situation illustrated. Photos may be adjusted for presentation in the magazine.

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